



## **SCHADENFREUDE- FRAKTALE**

*Mit einem Geflüster hier und einem  
Geständnis am Sterbebett dort*

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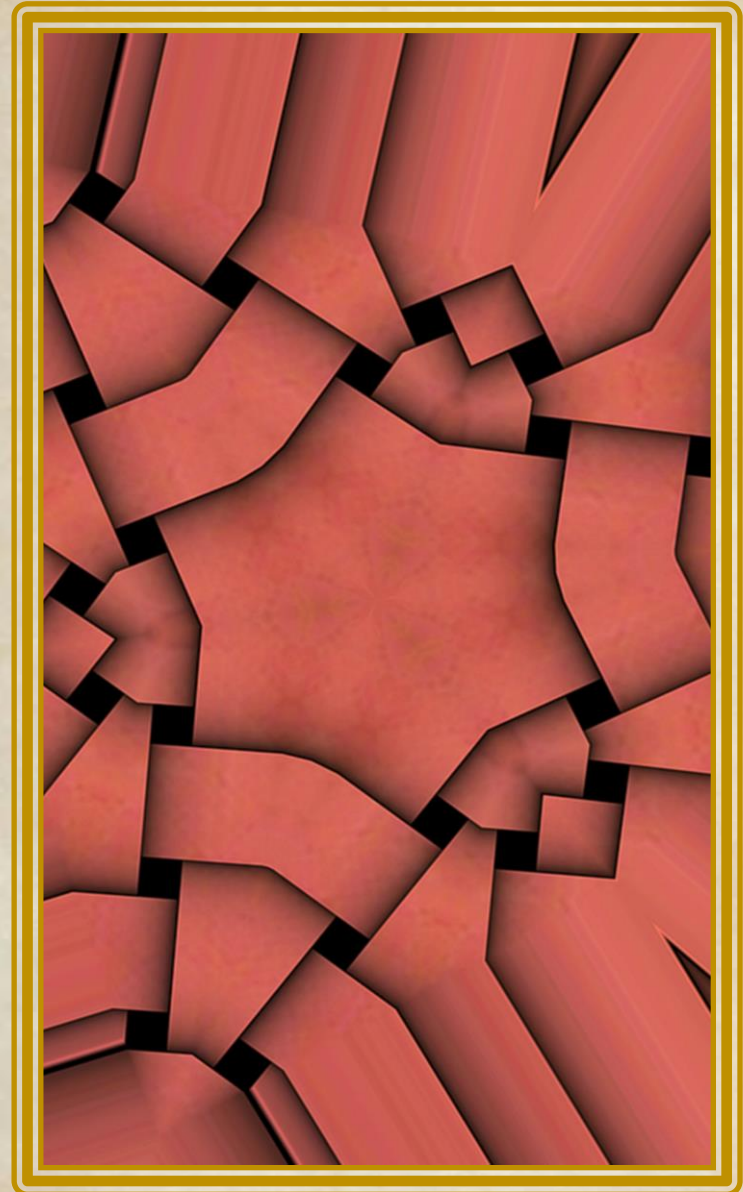
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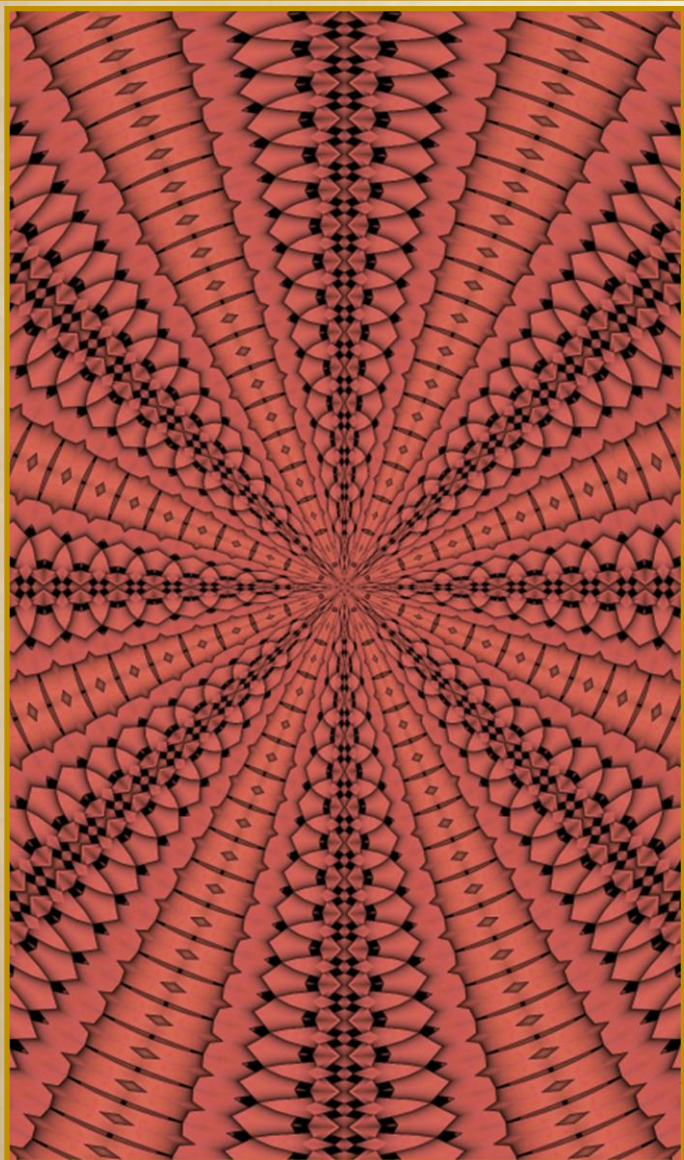
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Throughout my various campaigns aimed at combating the forest bandits in the Himalayan Foothills, as well as during numerous humanitarian missions intended to provide assistance to the local populace, I served as a subcommander under Colonel Churchward of the English Colonial Services. My close relationship with the colonel frequently afforded me the privilege of







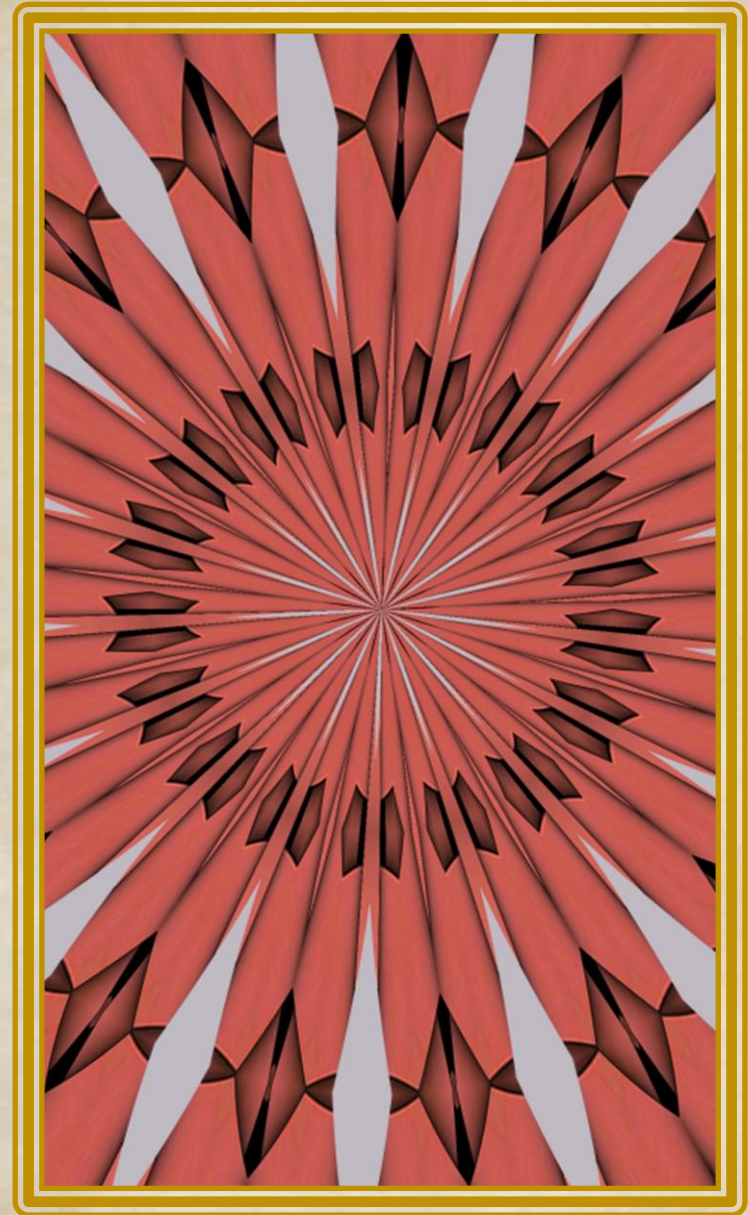
accessing clandestine libraries filled with sacred knowledge, which proved invaluable in both my military and humanitarian endeavors.

This unique opportunity not only enriched my understanding of the region's cultural and historical context but also enhanced my ability to navigate the complexities of the challenges we faced. I am bound by a profound

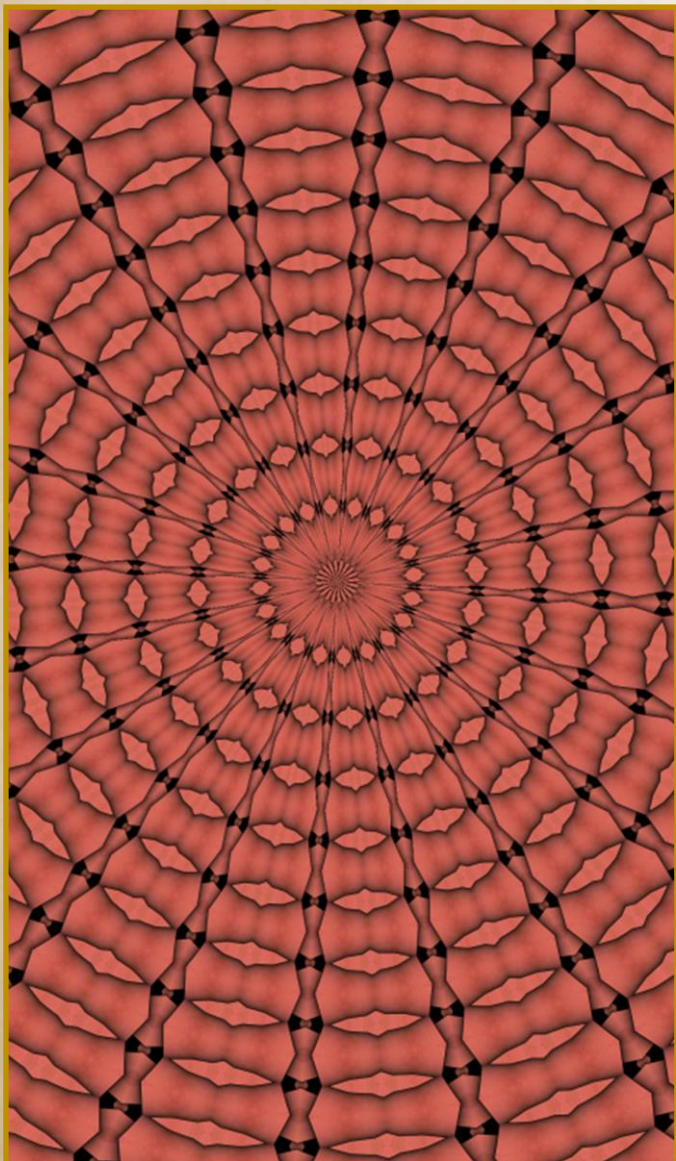


obligation of confidentiality concerning both the specific locations and the individuals associated with them, primarily due to the unprecedented level of access granted to an outsider, particularly one deemed a Foreign Devil in the employ of colonial authorities.

The apprehension surrounding this issue stemmed not only from the potential for retribution by





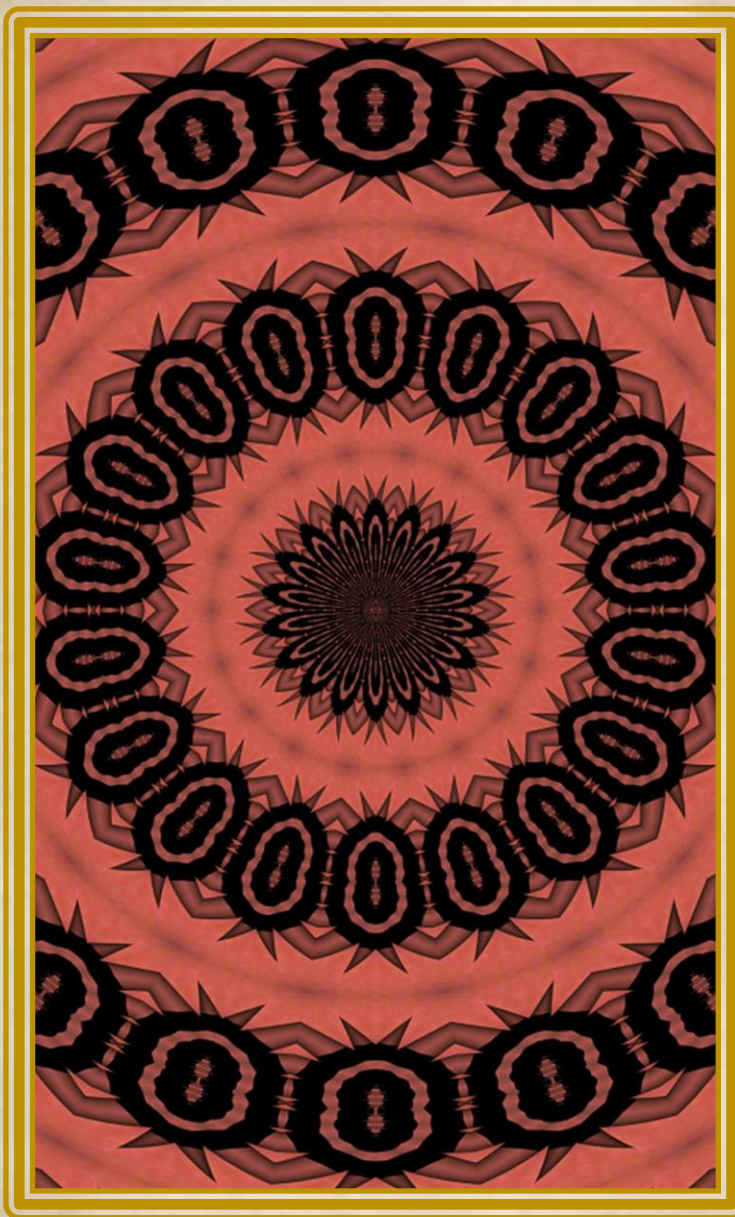


amore extreme factions within the Buddhist clergy but, crucially, from the anxiety that these libraries—deemed by the monks to be repositories of knowledge vital for the future of all CIS Humanity—might be seized or even obliterated by shadowy forces intent on ensuring that such knowledge and the associated technologies remain inaccessible to the marginalized masses.

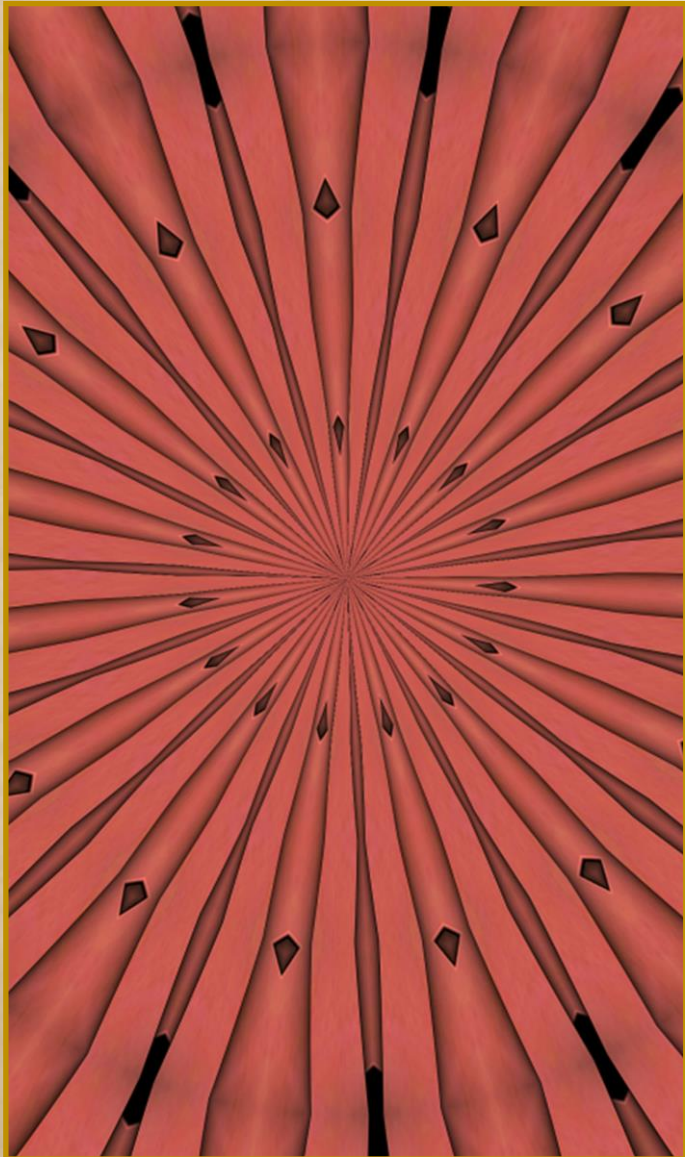


This fear reflects a broader concern about the preservation of cultural and intellectual heritage in the face of oppressive power dynamics that seek to suppress enlightenment and maintain control over the dissemination of information.

The fortunate aspect for these individuals is that a significant portion of the existing texts has been rendered inaccessible to



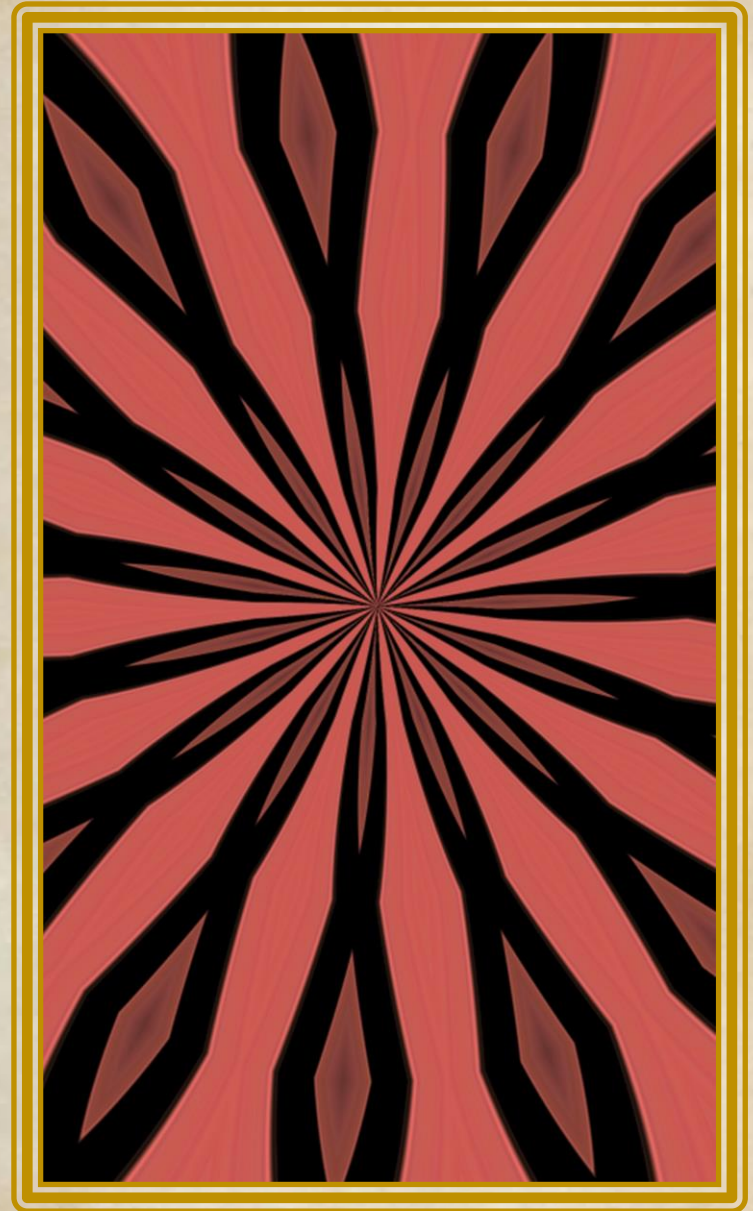




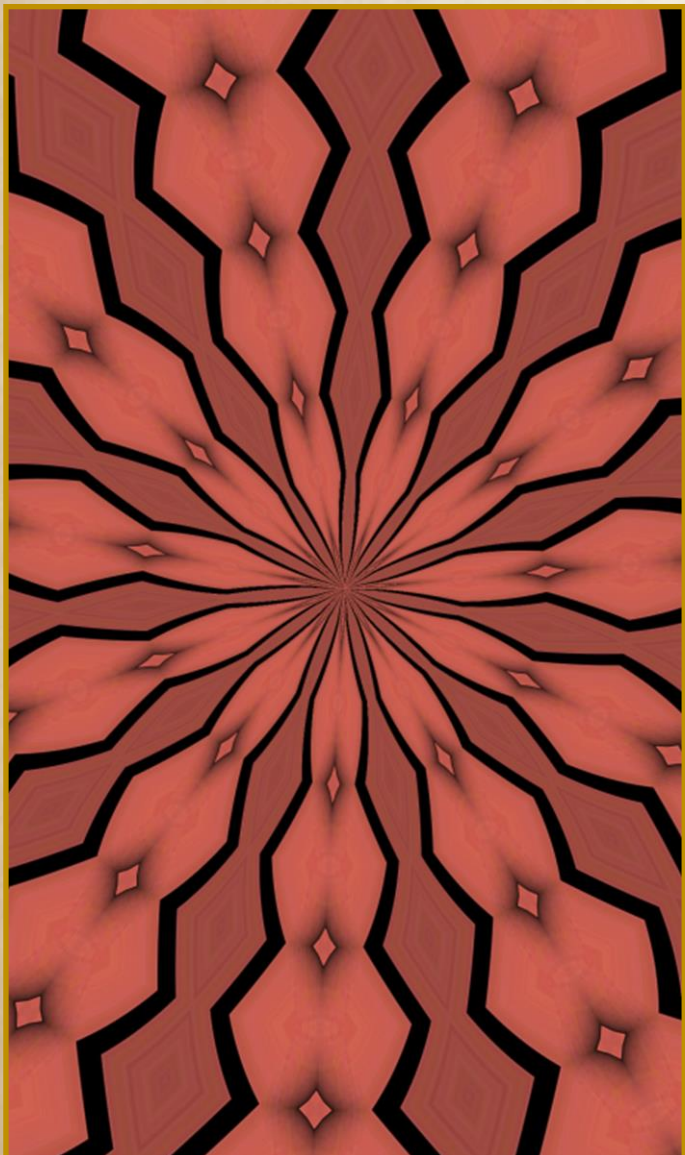
contemporary scientific inquiry due to their composition in a highly acidic dialect that predates the original Sanskrit. This linguistic barrier presents a formidable challenge for modern scholars, as there is no equivalent to the Rosetta Stone that could facilitate the translation of these ancient writings. Consequently, the nuances and meanings embedded



within these texts remain largely elusive, hindering a comprehensive understanding of their content and context. Colonel Churchward once approached our esteemed colleague, the renowned Professor Mister Steichen, with a request to undertake the translation of several intriguing discoveries. After an extensive period of several years dedicated to this endeavor, Professor







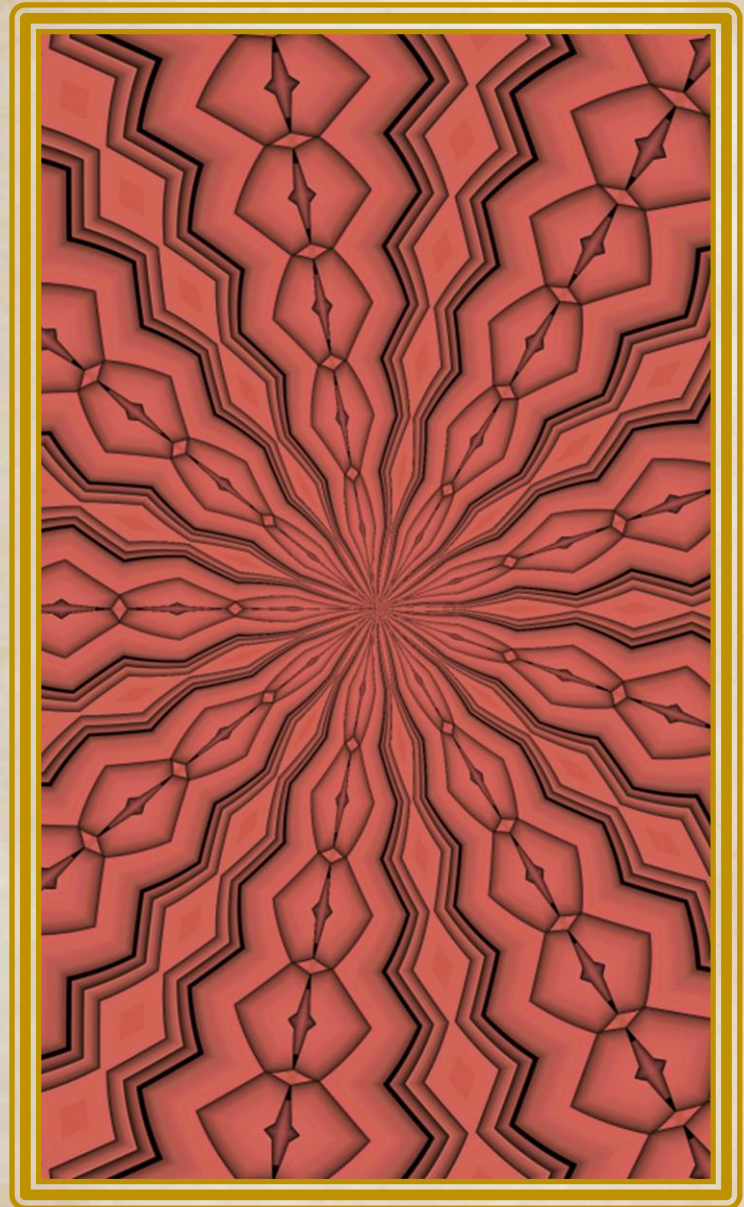
Steichen ultimately returned the untranslated texts, accompanied by a correspondence in which he expressed his sense of failure regarding the task. I engaged in a lengthy conversation with a venerable monk who curates one of the few remaining collections of ancient texts and scrolls. During our dialogue, I inquired about the reasons behind the disappearance of



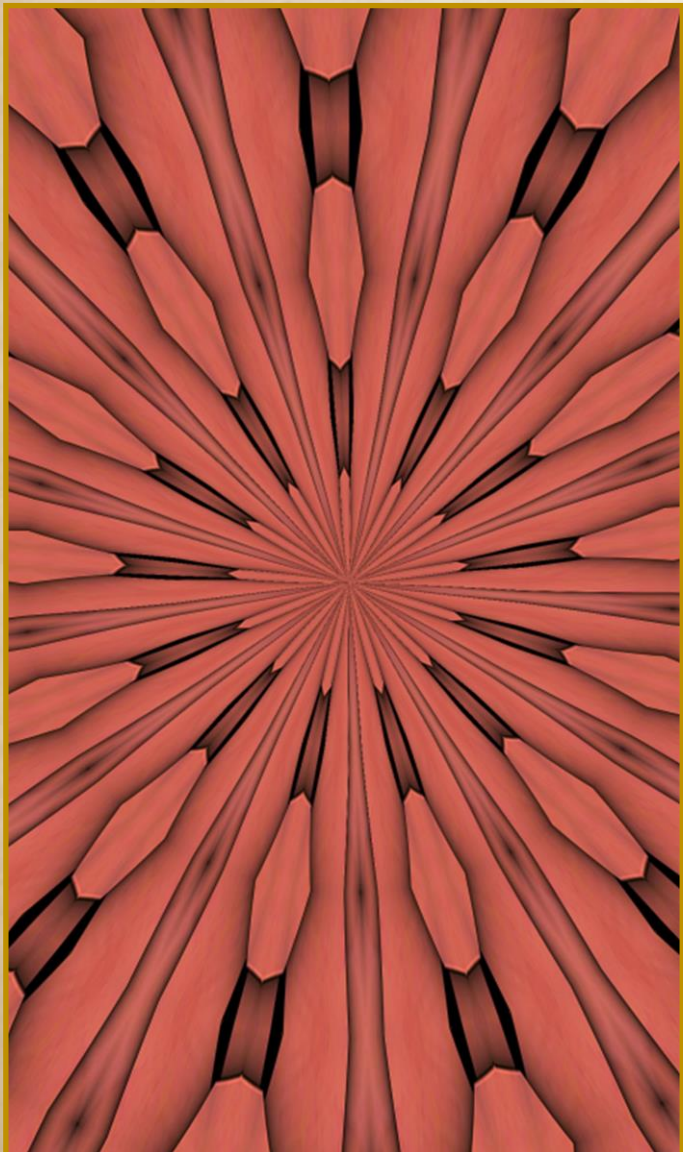
this particular language, and he recounted a fascinating narrative that shed light on its historical context and the factors contributing to its decline.

It appears that the library was composed in one of the ancient languages spoken by early humans, and its narrative bears a striking resemblance to the biblical account of the Tower of Babel.

This tale recounts a period







when the nascent civilization of humanity faced near annihilation, detailing how a significant portion of the early human population was eradicated from a world that was markedly different from the one we inhabit today. The story serves as a poignant reminder of the fragility of human existence and the profound transformations that have shaped our planet over millennia.

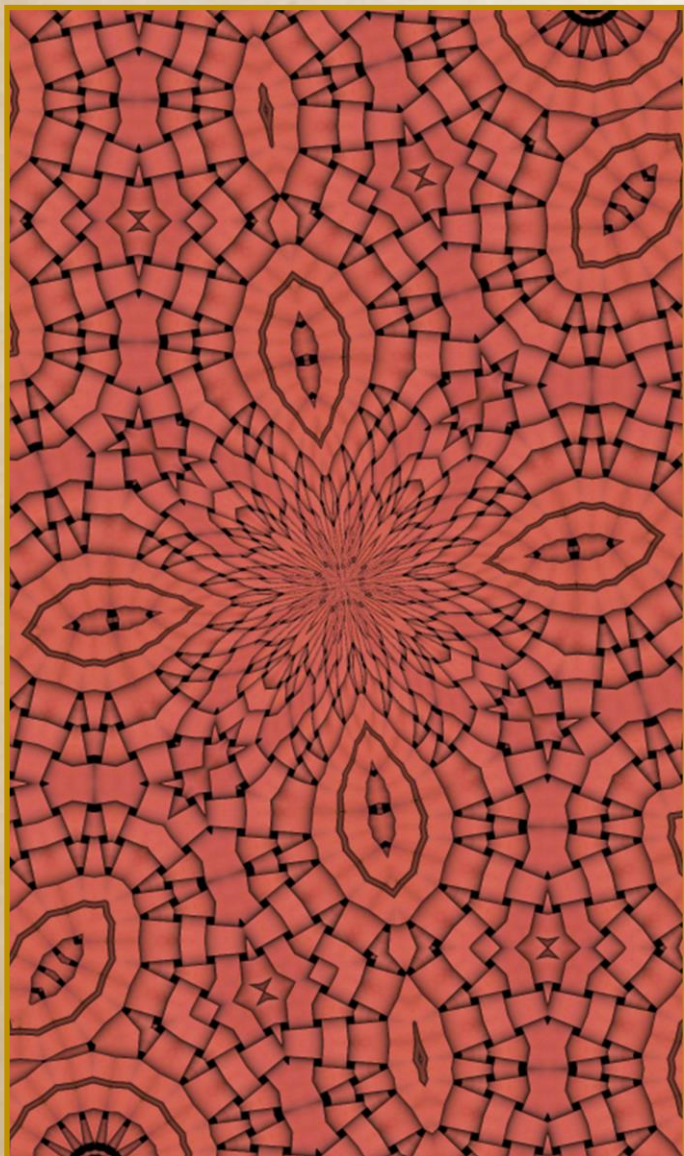


He elaborated that a select group, forewarned about the impending catastrophe, akin to Noah from biblical accounts, took proactive measures to preserve as much of their civilization as possible.

They held the conviction that, in a distant future, CIS Humanity would eventually recover the knowledge necessary to locate the lost scientists whose actions had nearly led to the ruin of their







world.

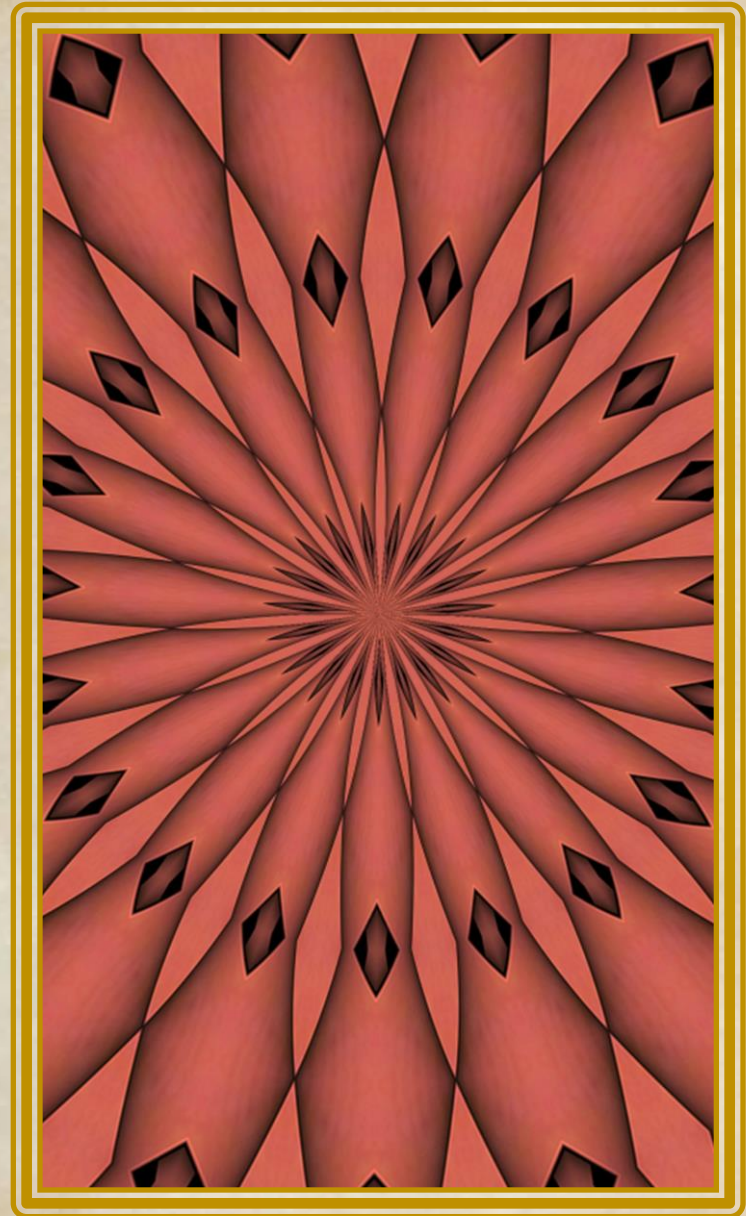
This group fervently hoped that, by that time, CIS Humanity would possess the understanding and moral discernment to utilize such knowledge for benevolent purposes rather than malevolent ones.

The speaker elaborated that the extensive library had remained concealed in full view, and that these venerable scholars had founded monastic orders

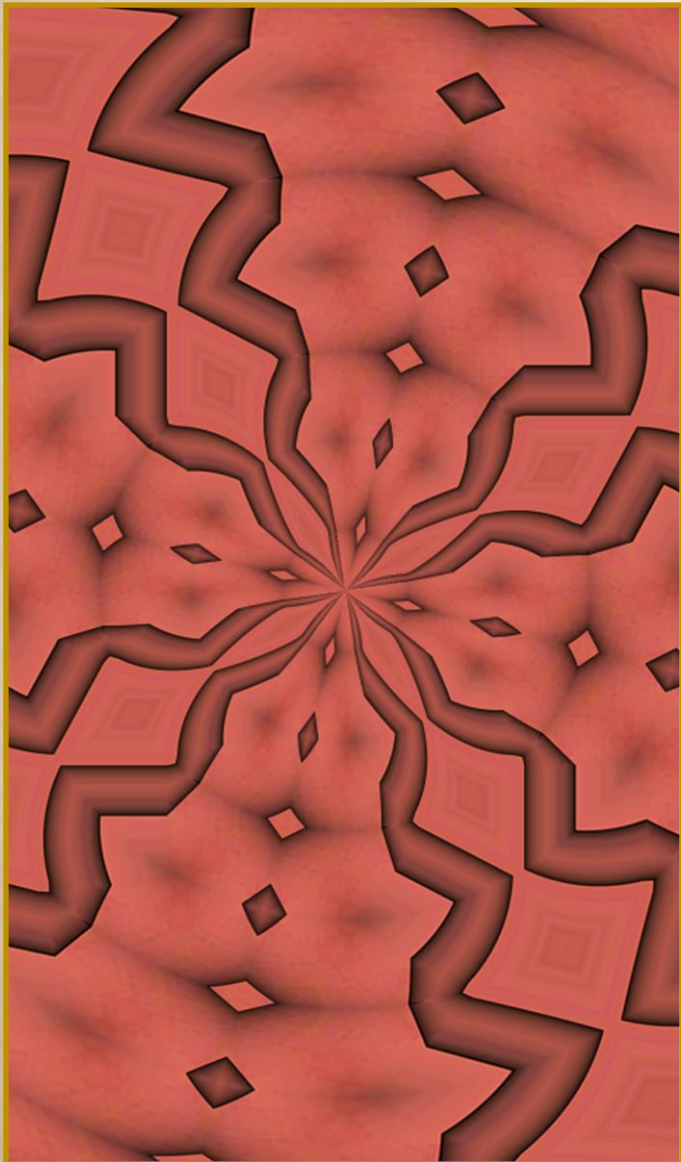


Tspecifically to preserve and safeguard the collections housed within these libraries.

For countless generations, this system functioned effectively, despite the libraries being concealed in plain view; they remained safeguarded by a dwindling cadre of devoted monks. As each new generation emerged, the comprehension of the texts, much like the language itself,







began to fade, as the number of individuals who had received proper instruction continued to diminish.

The dissemination of information regarding these extensive repositories of concealed knowledge occurred gradually, characterized by hushed conversations and confessions made on deathbeds.

As tales of such hidden

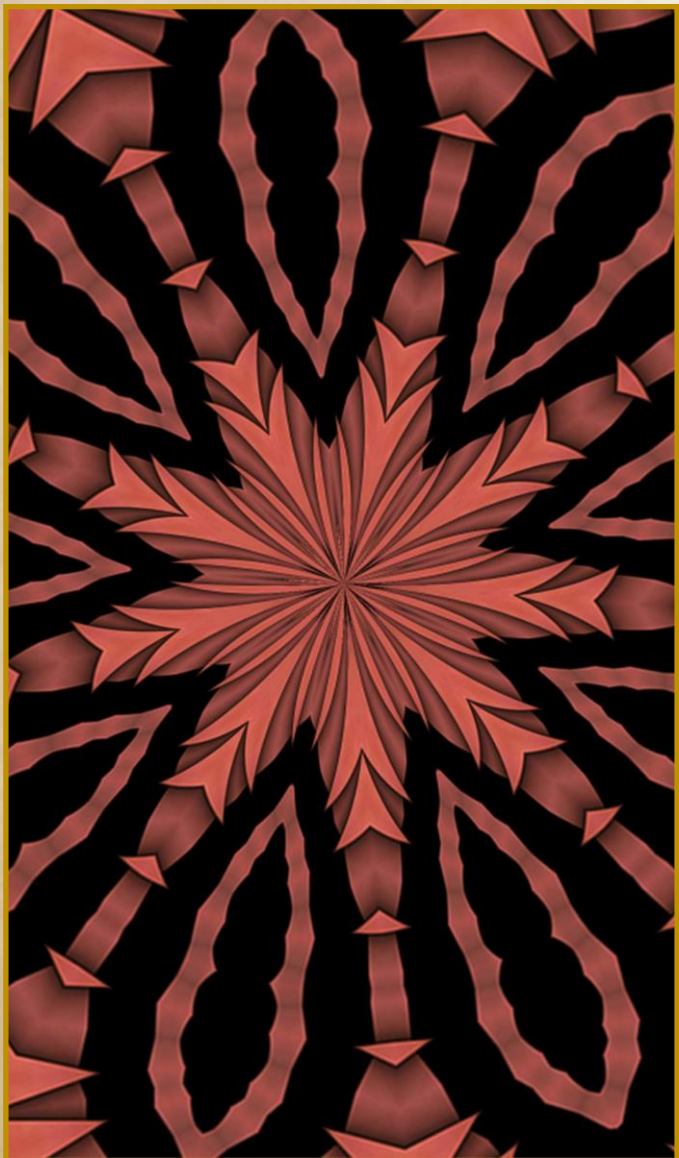


technologies circulated, influential monarchies became increasingly determined to embark on a quest to uncover and reintegrate these secrets into their realms, driven by the desire to exploit these advancements for their own gain.

The speaker recounted a dismal period for his venerable order, marked by the plunder of numerous libraries during what he said







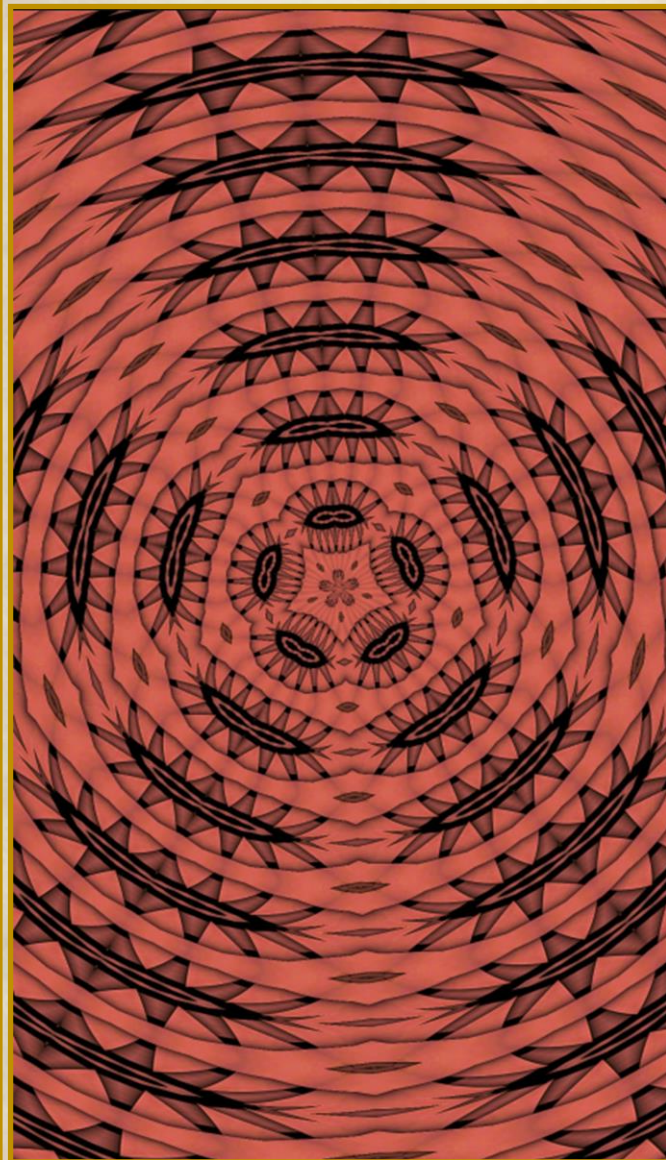
was the time my people refer to as the "Age of Titans."

This era witnessed the untimely destruction of several repositories of knowledge, leading to the subsequent discarding of invaluable ancient texts. The plunderers, much like myself, realized that without the means to decipher the intricate language codes contained within, these once-cherished manuscripts



were reduced to mere scrolls and illustrated volumes, which some of the looters retained as mementos of their conquests.

He conveyed to me his uncertainty regarding the veracity of the information, explaining that during his youth, he had been informed by his abbot that the origin of their library was linked to a pivotal decision







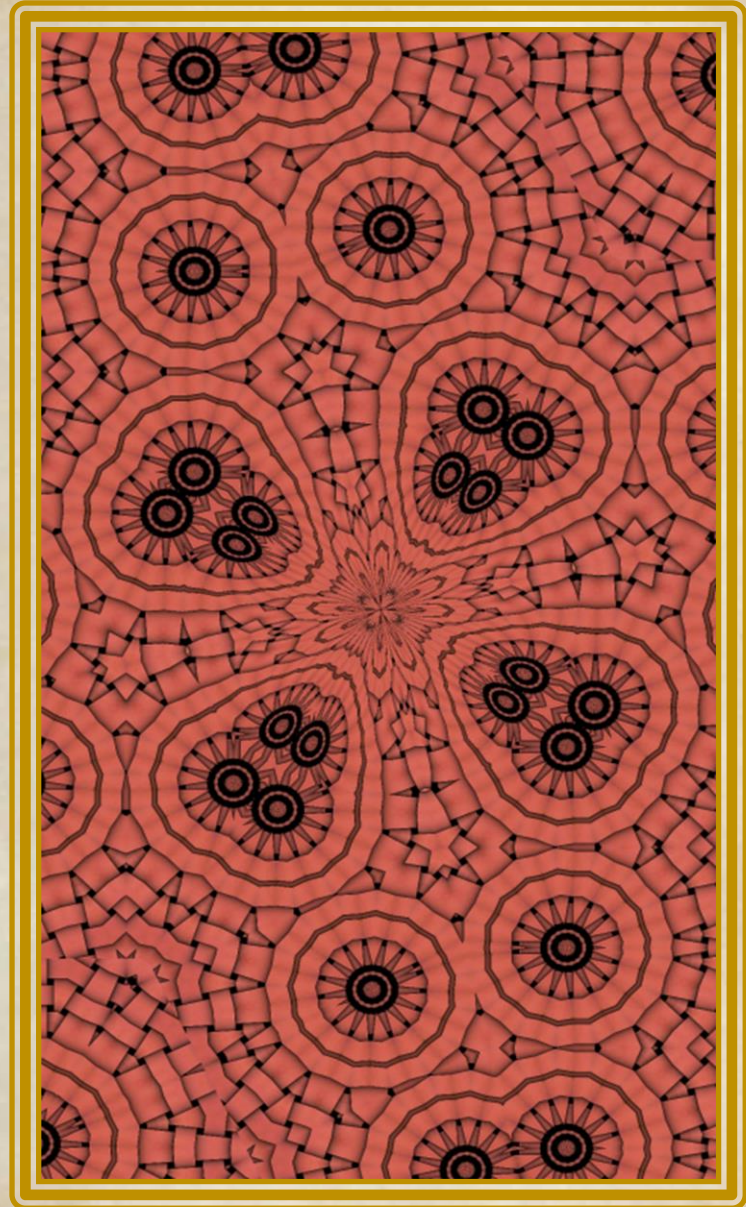
made by the last surviving sage.

This sage had opted to disassemble the master collections into smaller, more manageable segments, which were subsequently dispatched with a select group of missionary monks tasked with the establishment of new libraries in various locations. The sage's rationale, as he had been informed, posited that while it was possible to



uncover and destroy a comprehensive collection, numerous smaller libraries would endure, adhering to their guiding principle of fostering a more enlightened and knowledgeable future generation.

The old monk articulated that although the wisdom contained within a forgotten language may be obscured, the exquisite illustrations found in these texts possess an enigmatic significance







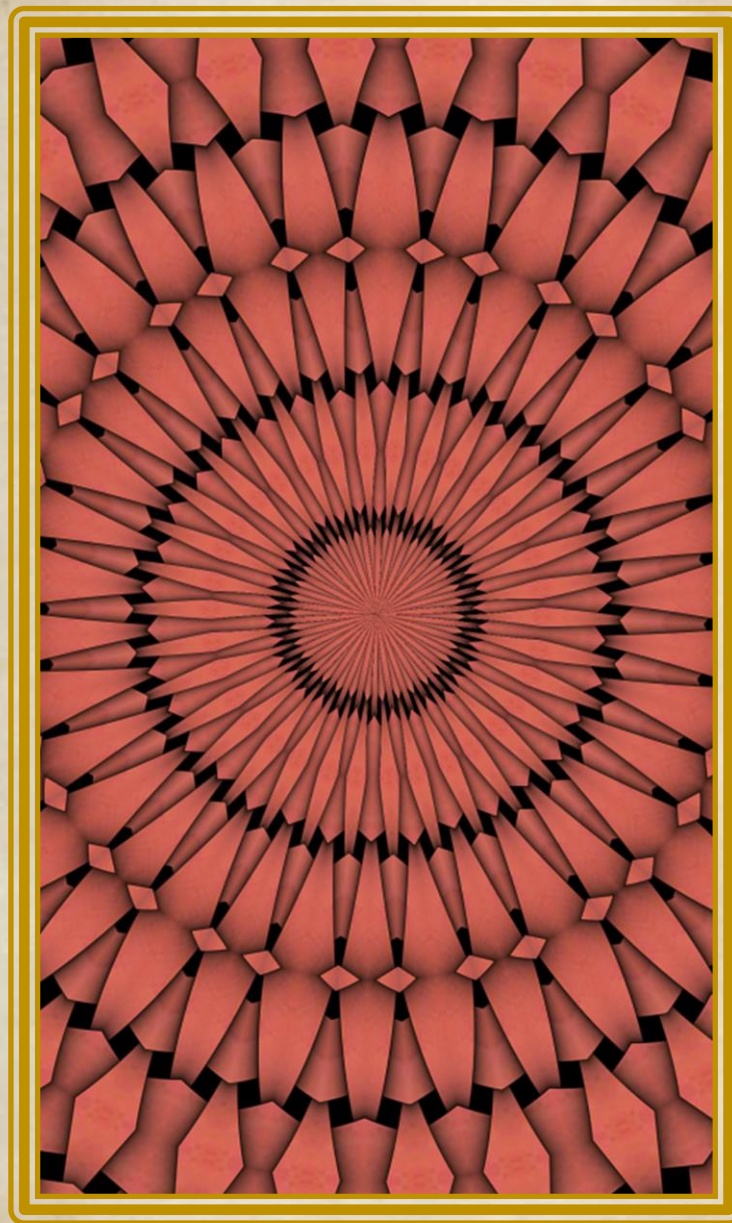
that could potentially unlock the mysteries of these ancient, lost truths in the future.

He emphasized that introspection is essential, suggesting that by delving into our inner selves, we can unveil the true nature of the external world.

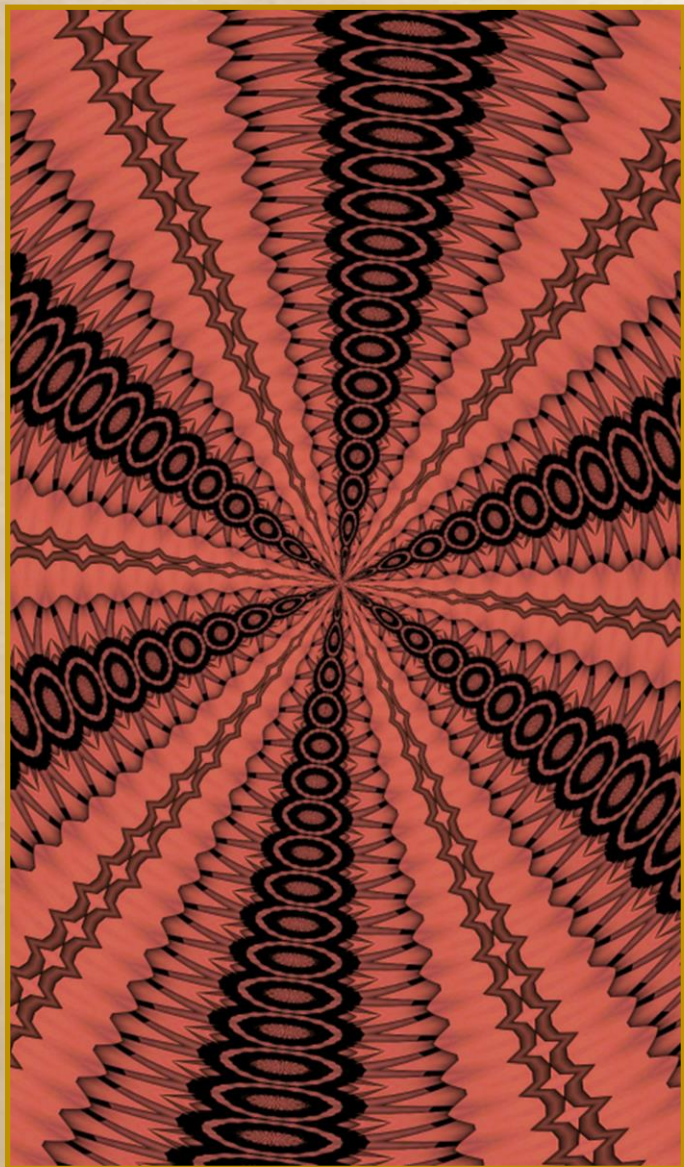
Initially, the assertions presented appeared illogical, leading me to dismiss his comments, possibly influenced by my own prior



enlightenment gained before I had the opportunity to engage with the Mystery School of Alexandria through its Home Study Course. During this educational experience, I was introduced to the concept of fractals, which are intricate patterns that permeate all aspects of existence. It became increasingly evident that as one delves deeper into these patterns, their complexity escalates,







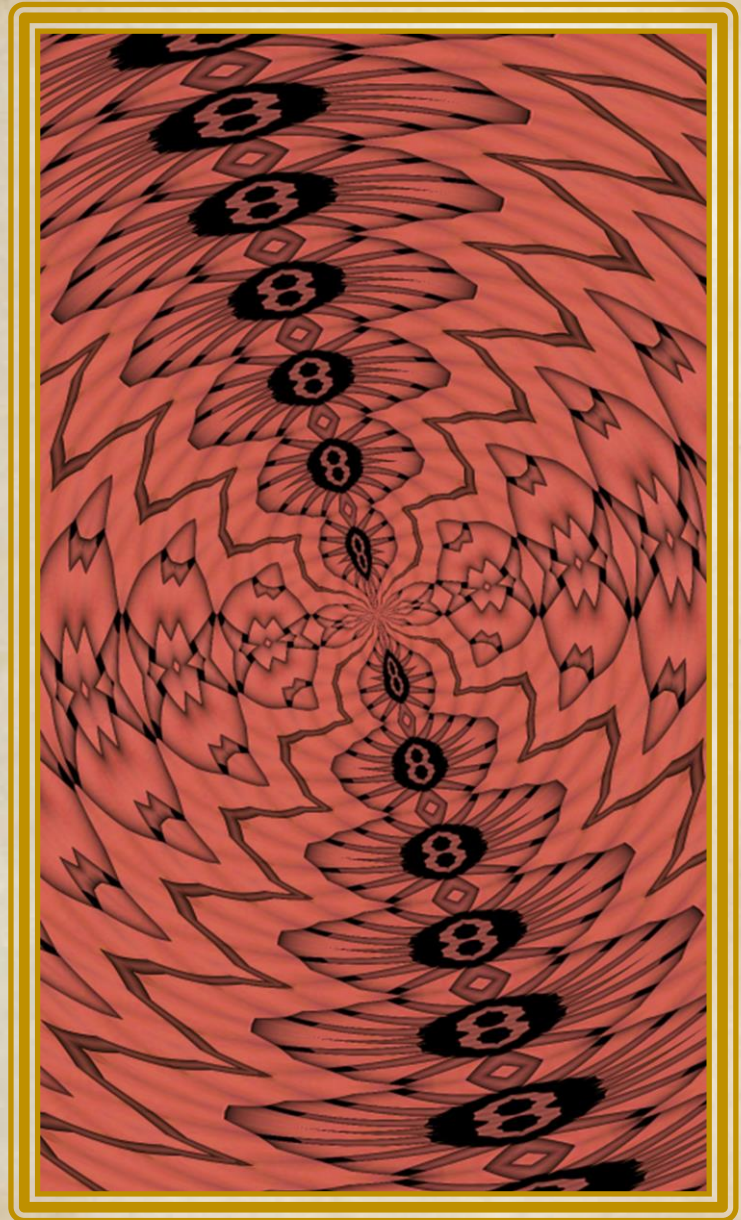
revealing a profound interconnectedness that challenges superficial understanding.

Through my engagement with a Superman comic, I came to a profound realization regarding the theme of reduction, reminiscent of the iconic film "Honey, I Shrunk the Kids," albeit explored in a more intricate and nuanced manner.

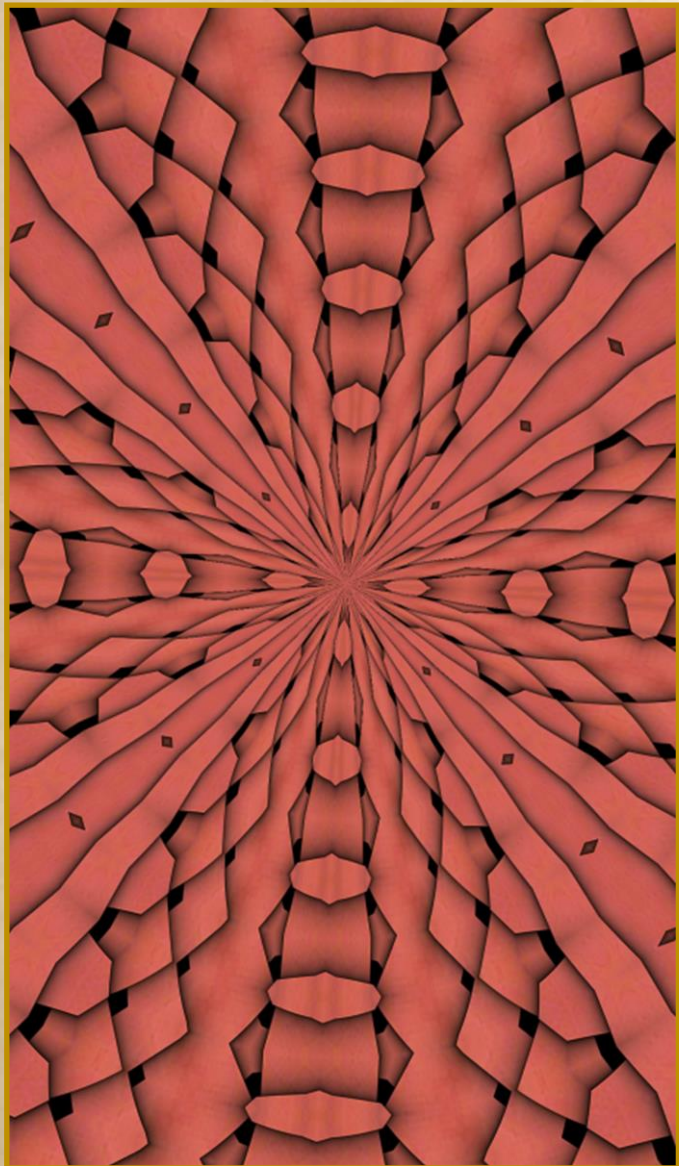
In this narrative, Superman's



diminishment serves not merely as a plot device but as a catalyst for deeper reflections on identity, power, and the human experience, inviting readers to consider the implications of size and perspective in a world where the extraordinary becomes intimately relatable. This exploration transcends the superficiality of mere physical reduction, delving into the psychological and







emotional ramifications of such an experience, thereby enriching one's understanding of the harmonic frequencies and the broader themes at play within the Multiverse. This experience led me to understand the monk's assertion that there are inherent patterns in all aspects of existence, suggesting that we, too, may be perceived as mere patterns by an observer



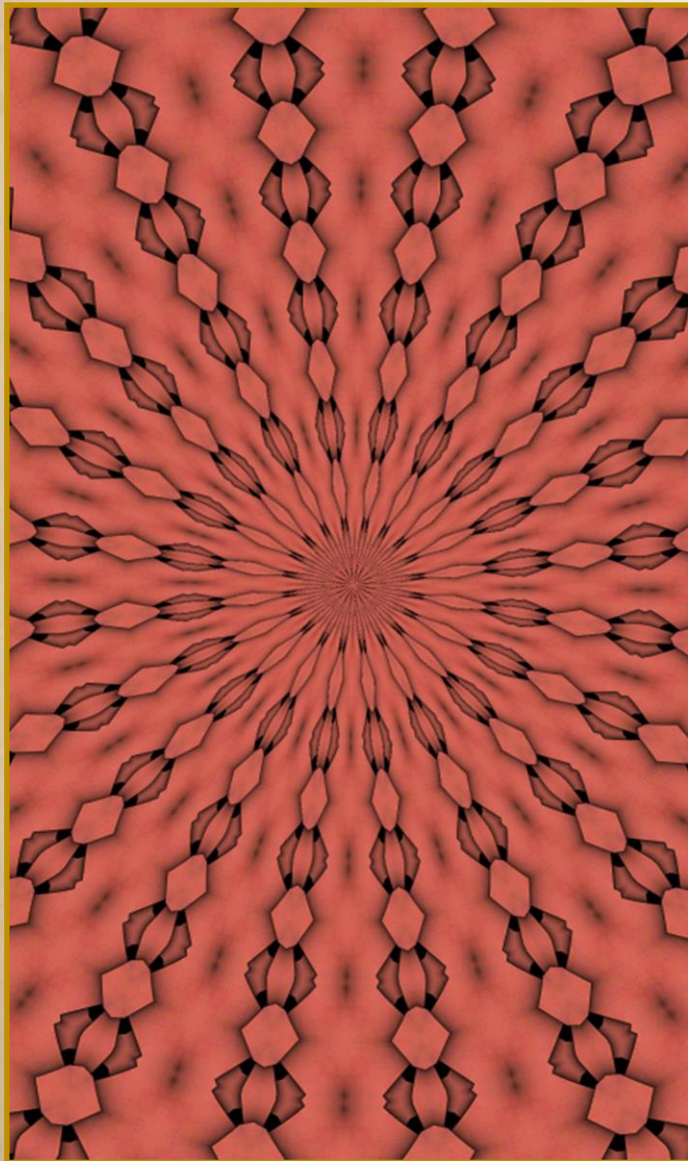
from a higher vantage point.  
At last, I comprehend this  
perspective.

The lesson imparted by the  
monk centered on the  
notion that each individual  
represents a small, intricate  
pattern within a vast cosmos  
characterized by even larger  
patterns and fractals.

This perspective suggests  
that upon reaching the  
highest level of this complex  
structure, one would  
encounter a singular entity,



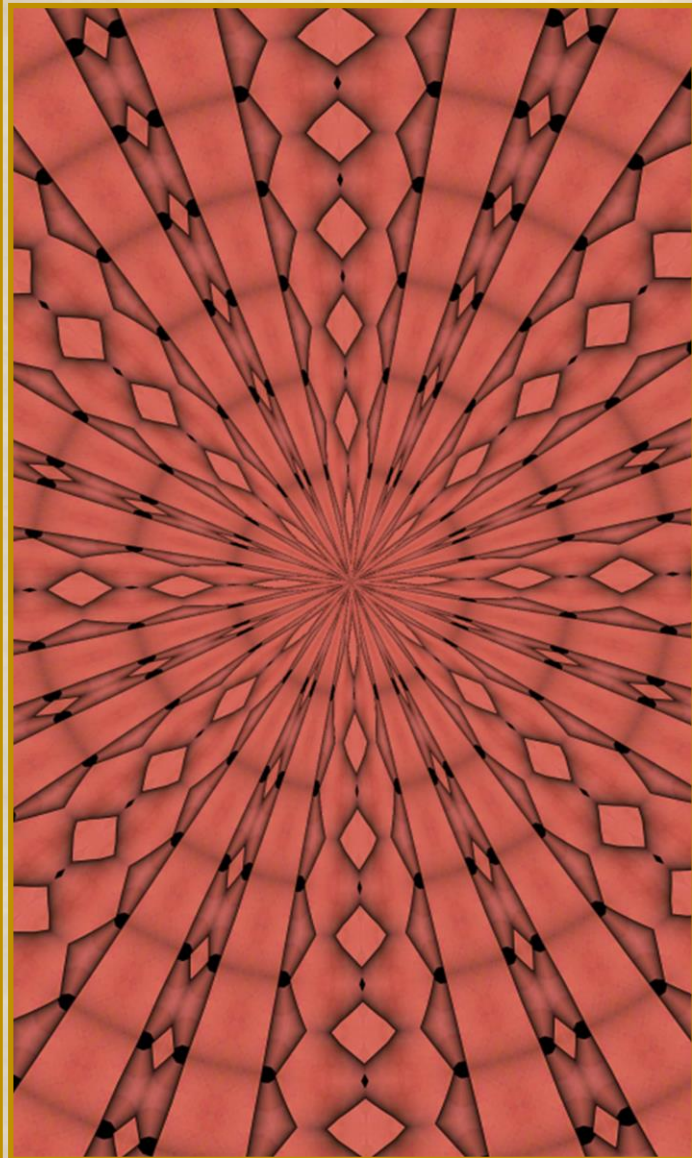
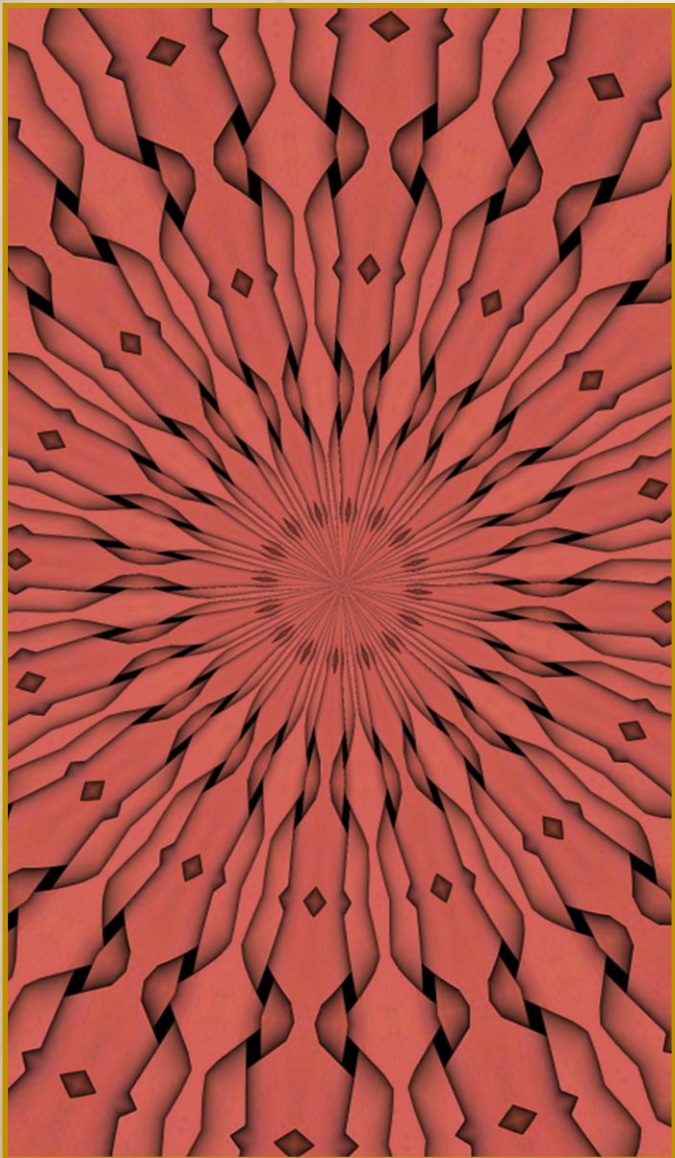




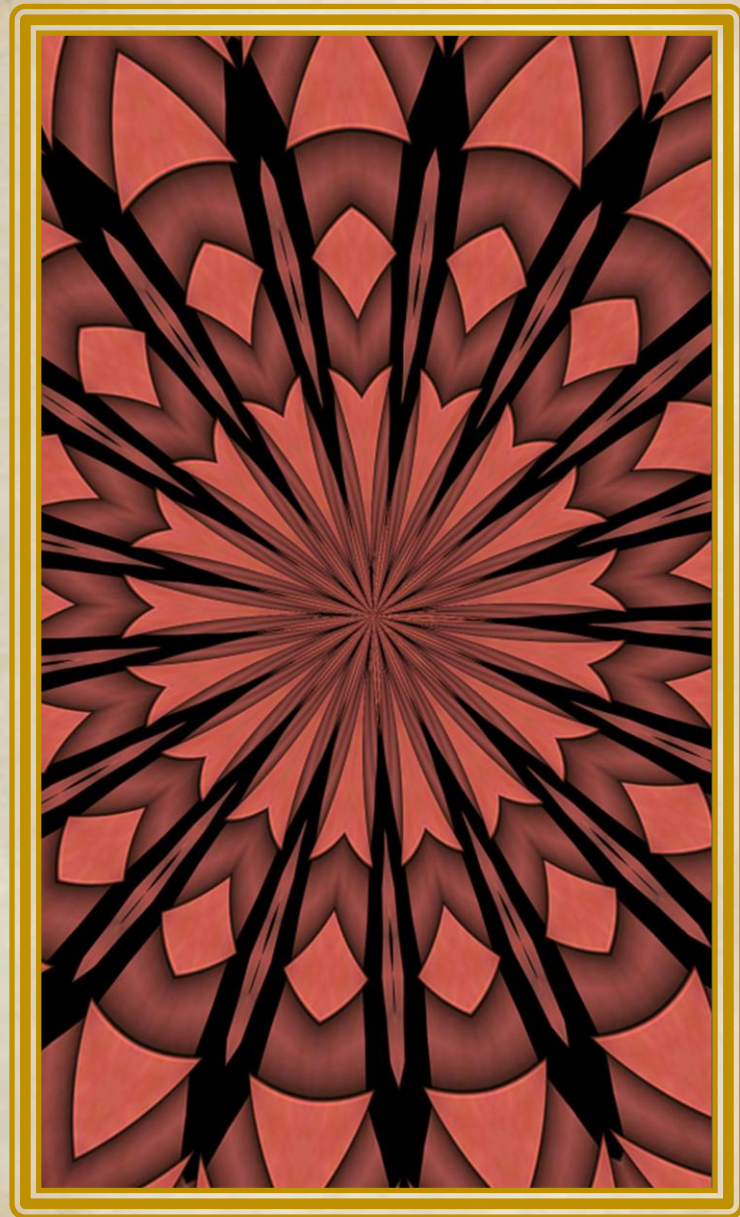
often referred to as God. The implication is that our existence is interconnected within a grand design, where the multitude of smaller patterns ultimately converges into a unified whole, inviting contemplation on the nature of divinity and the interconnectedness of all things.

- Emil, 1897  
{Majestic Hotel,  
Bombay, India}

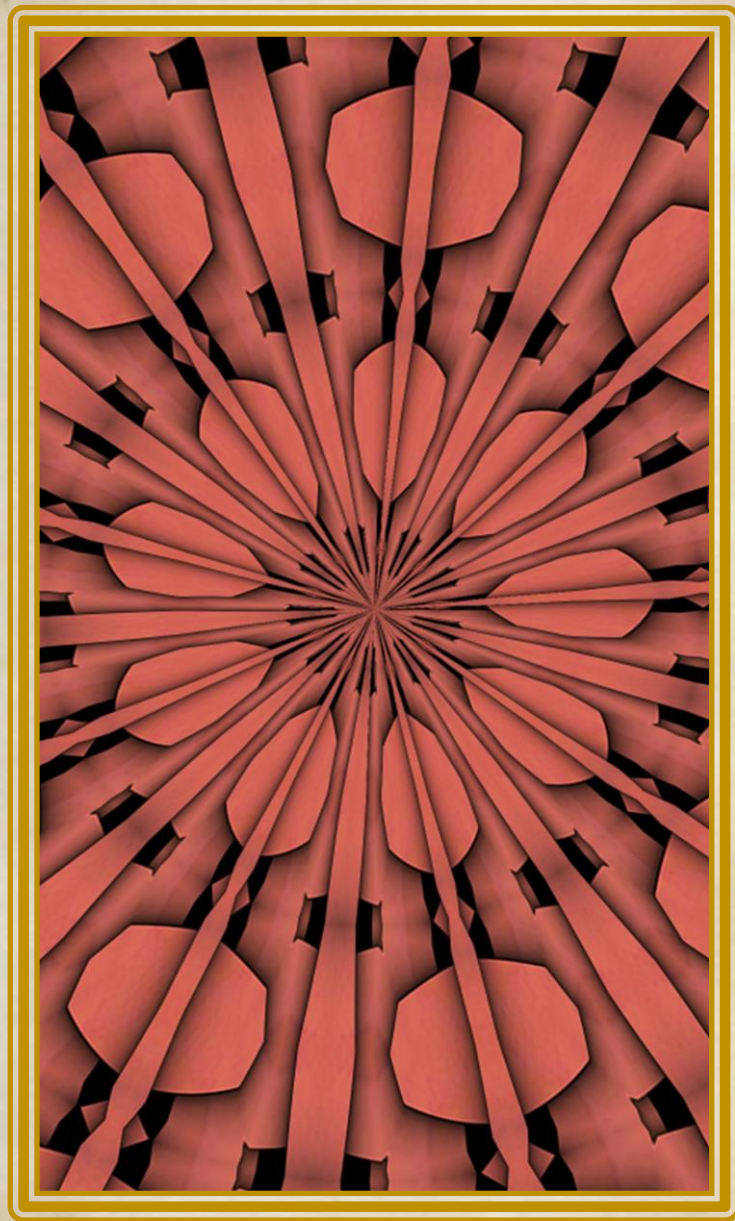
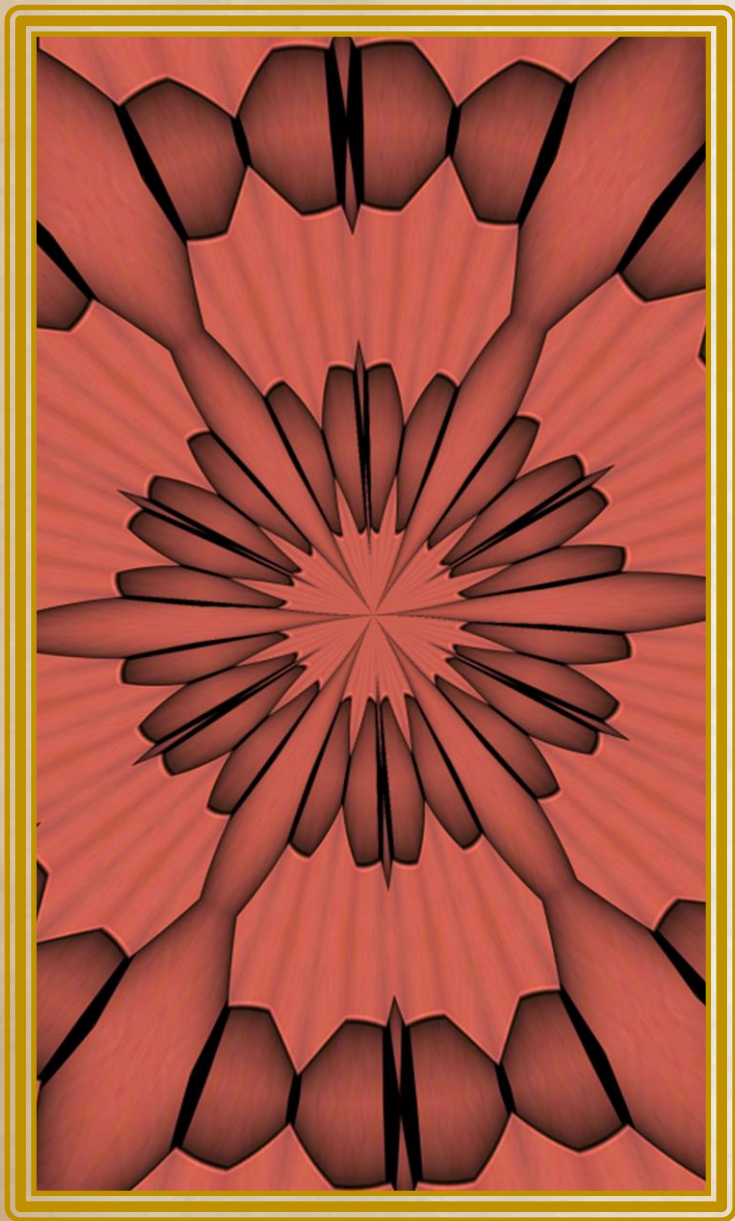




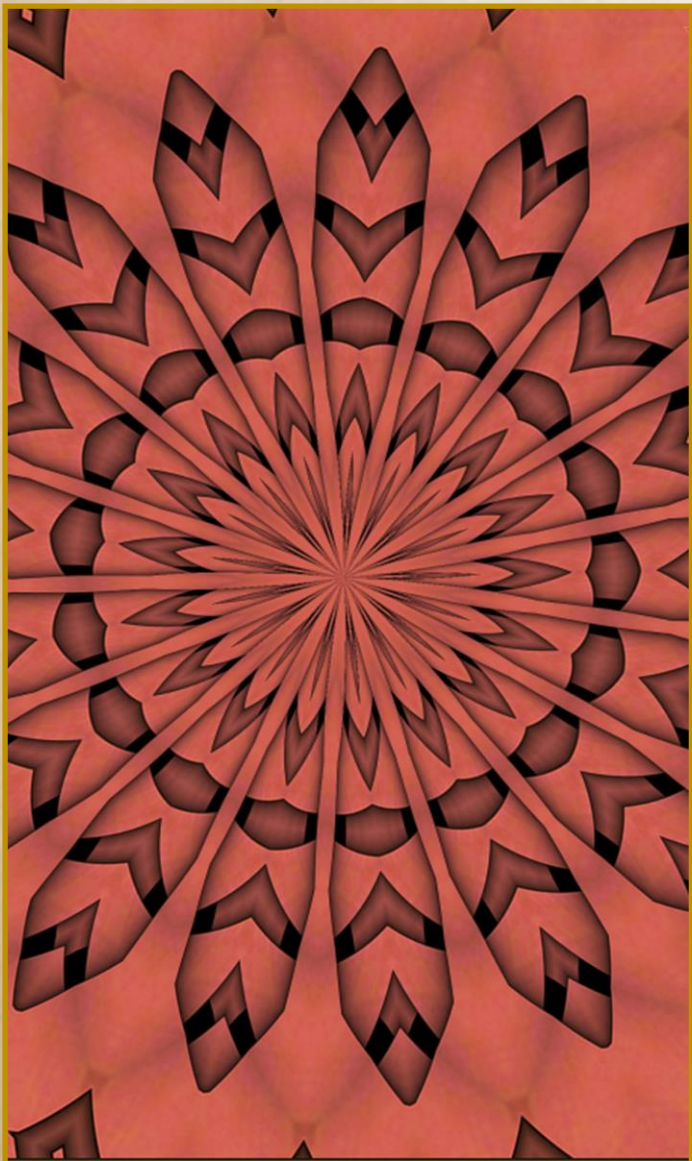




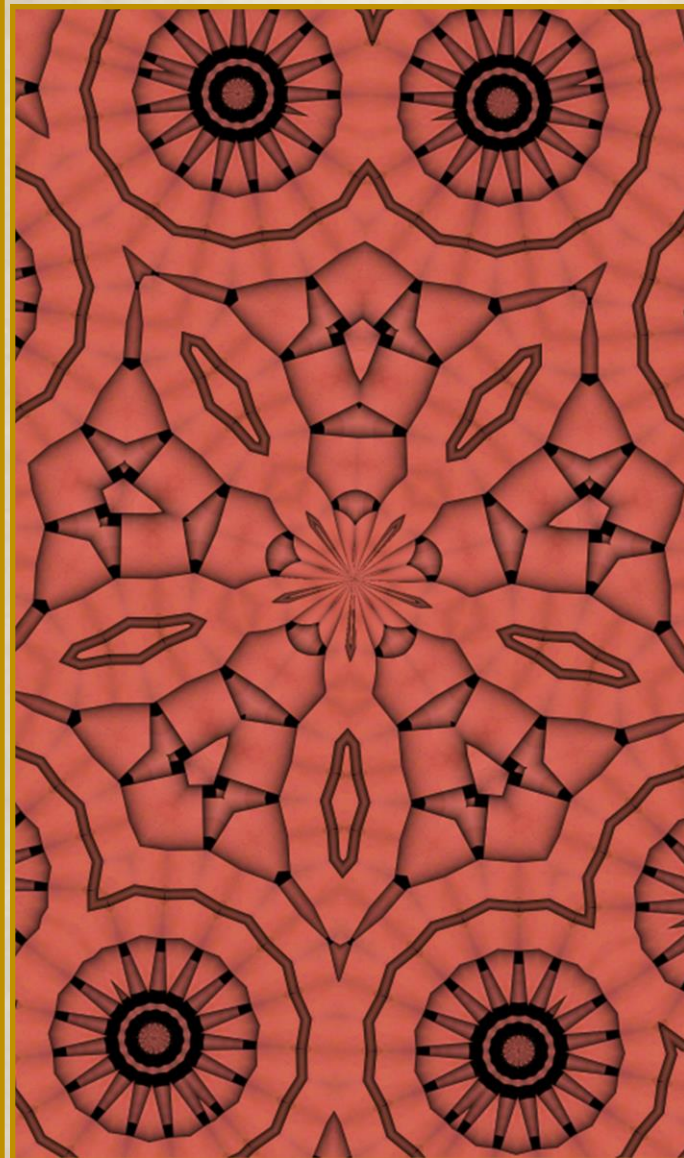
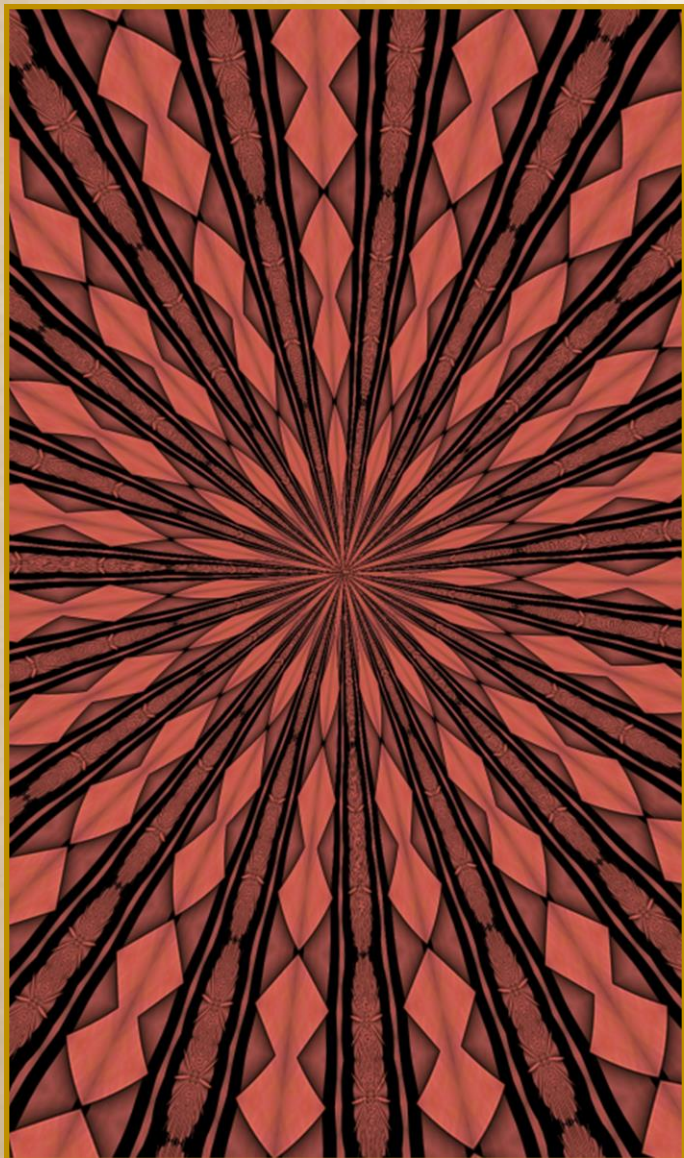




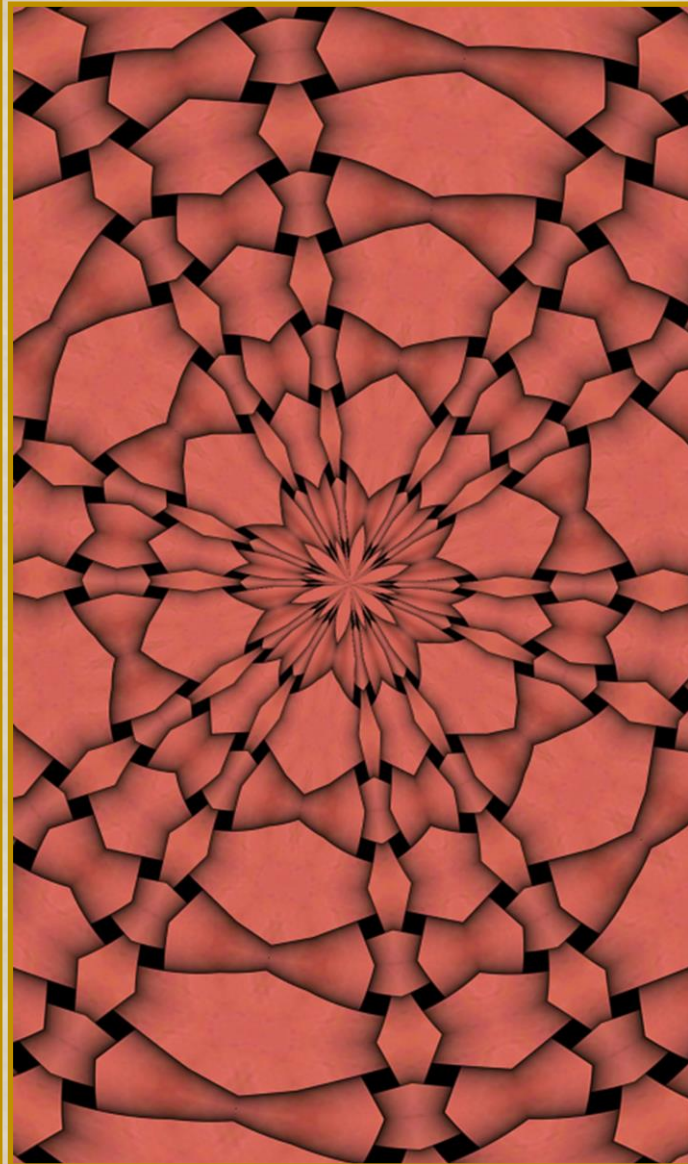




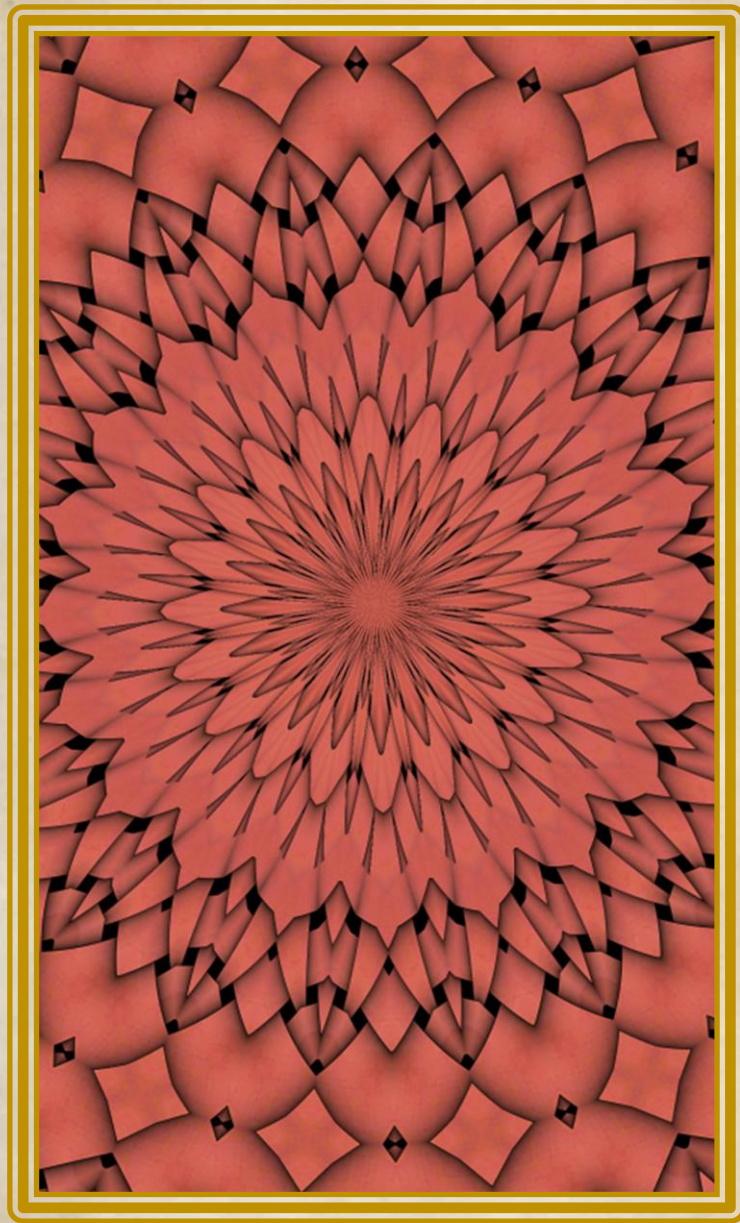
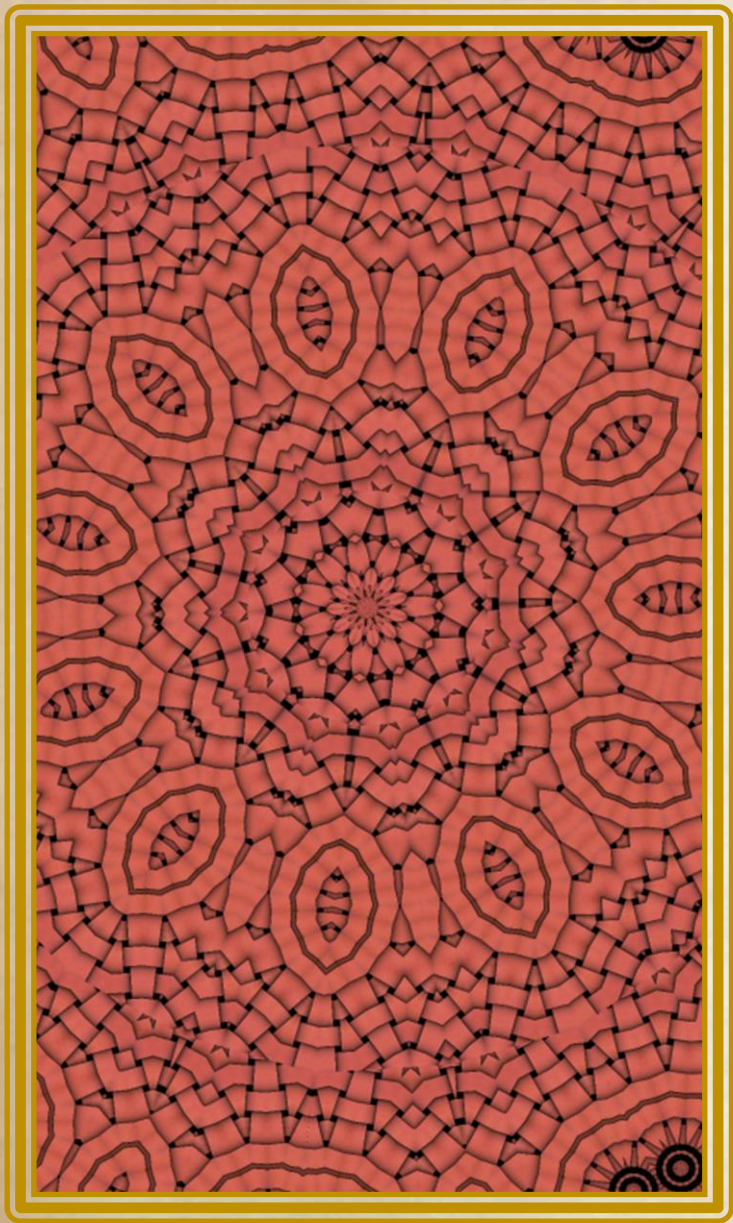




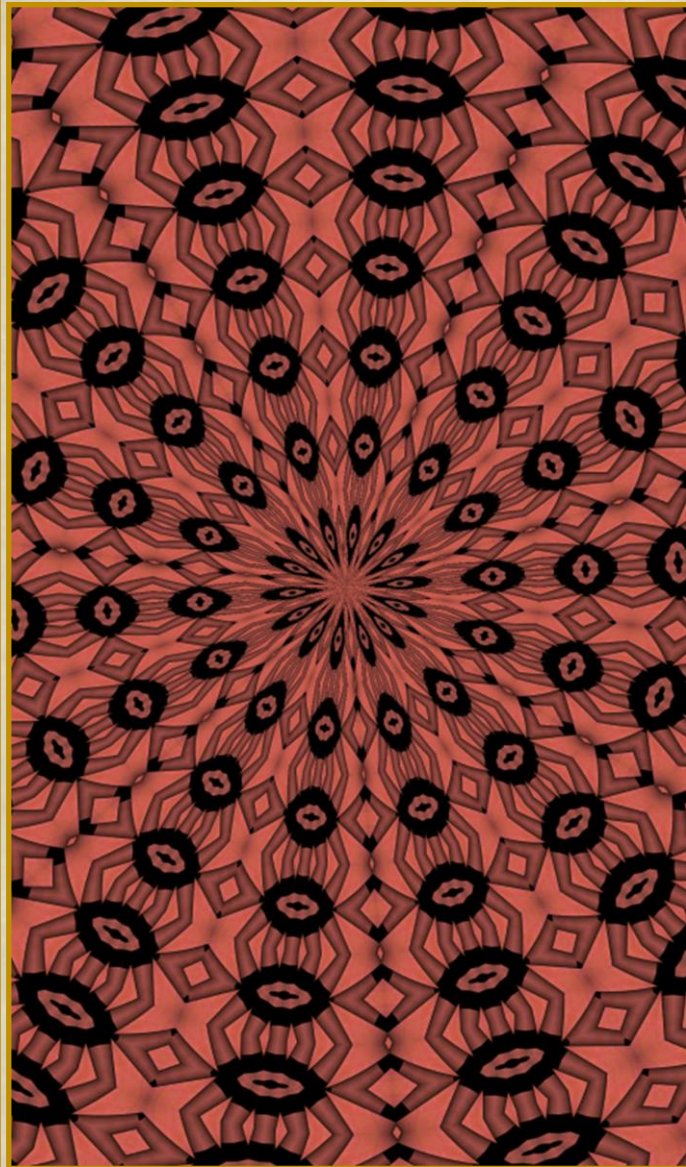
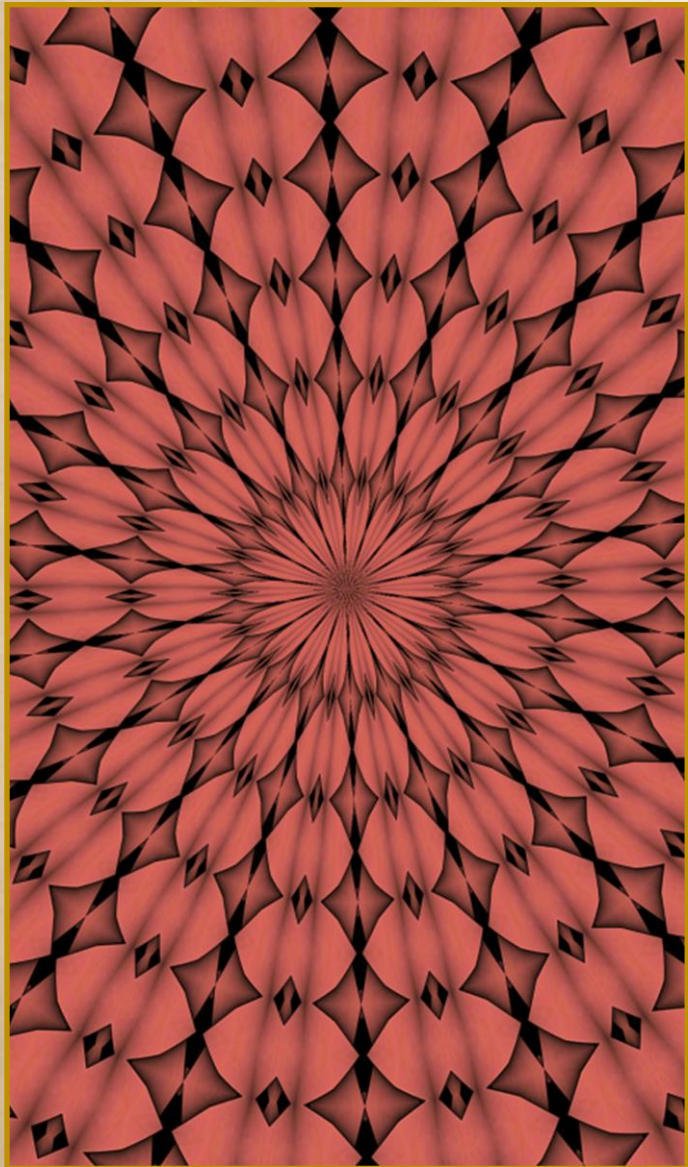




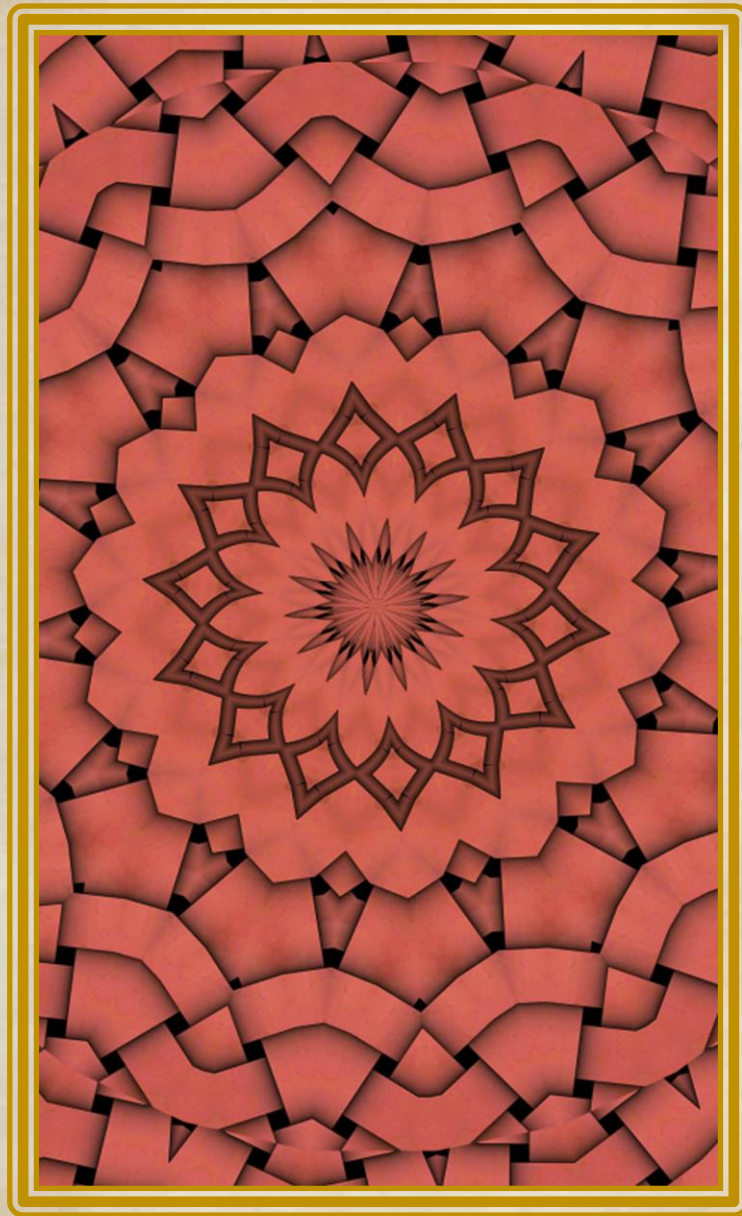
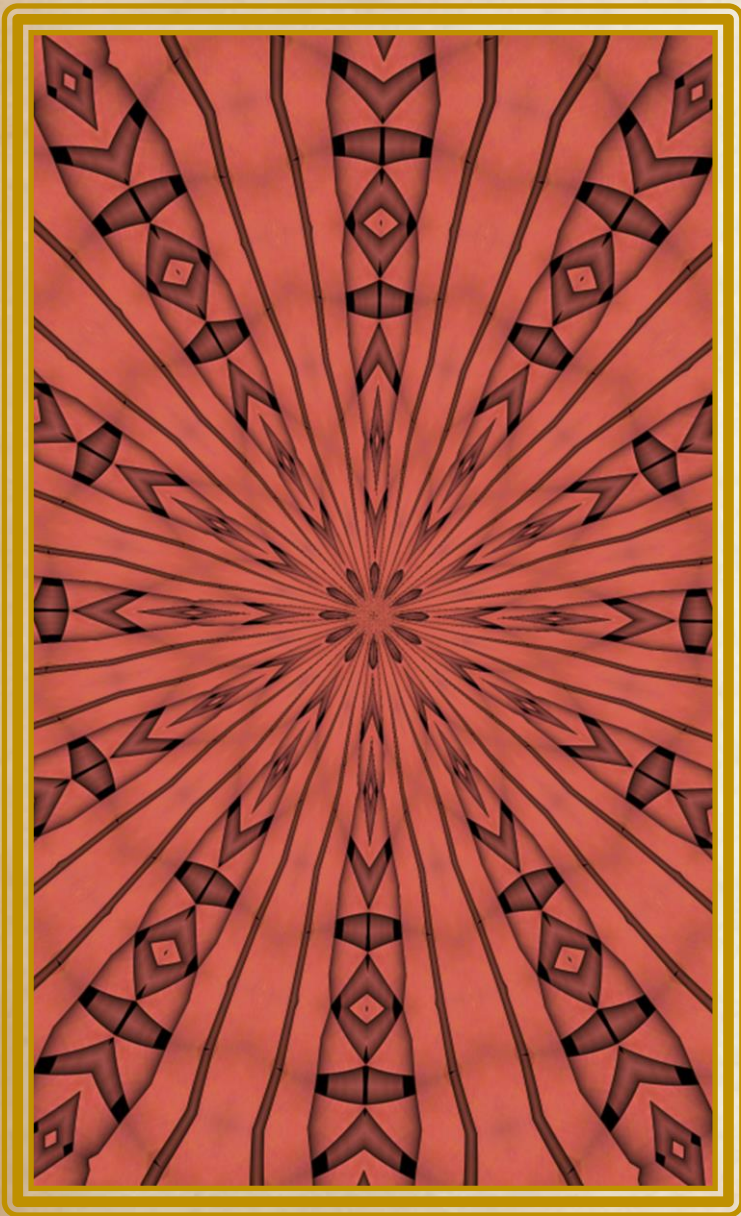




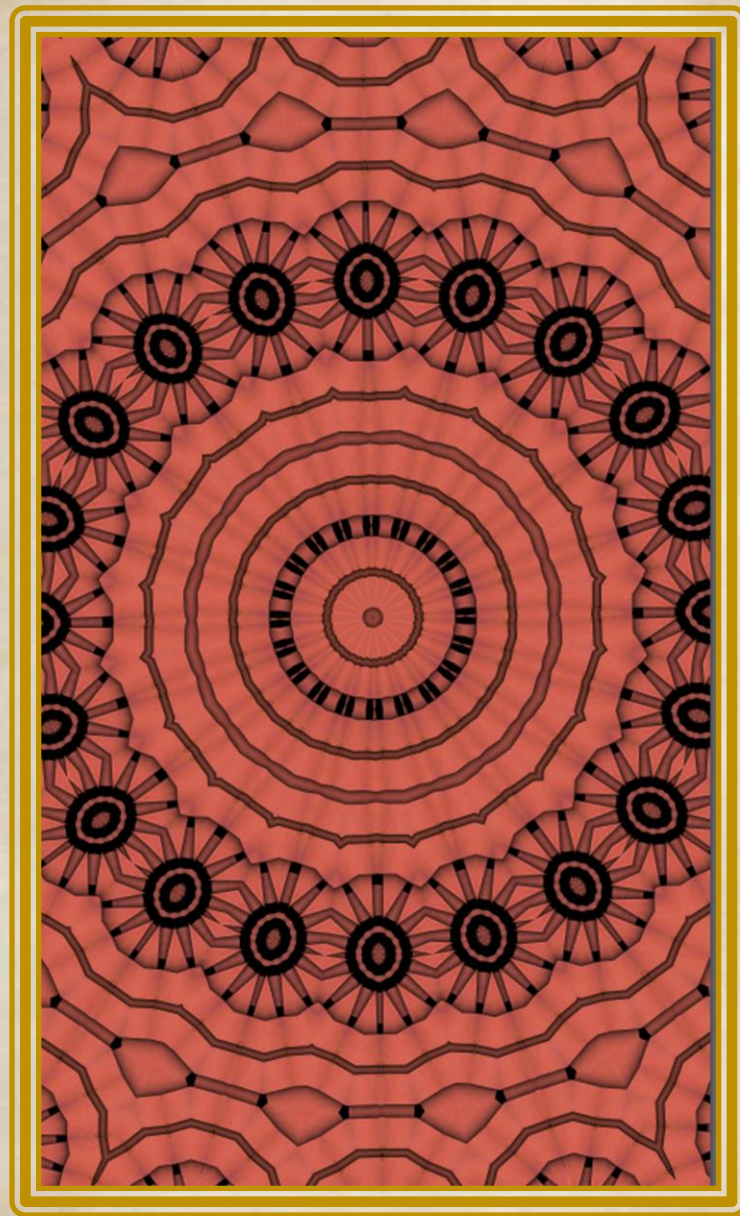
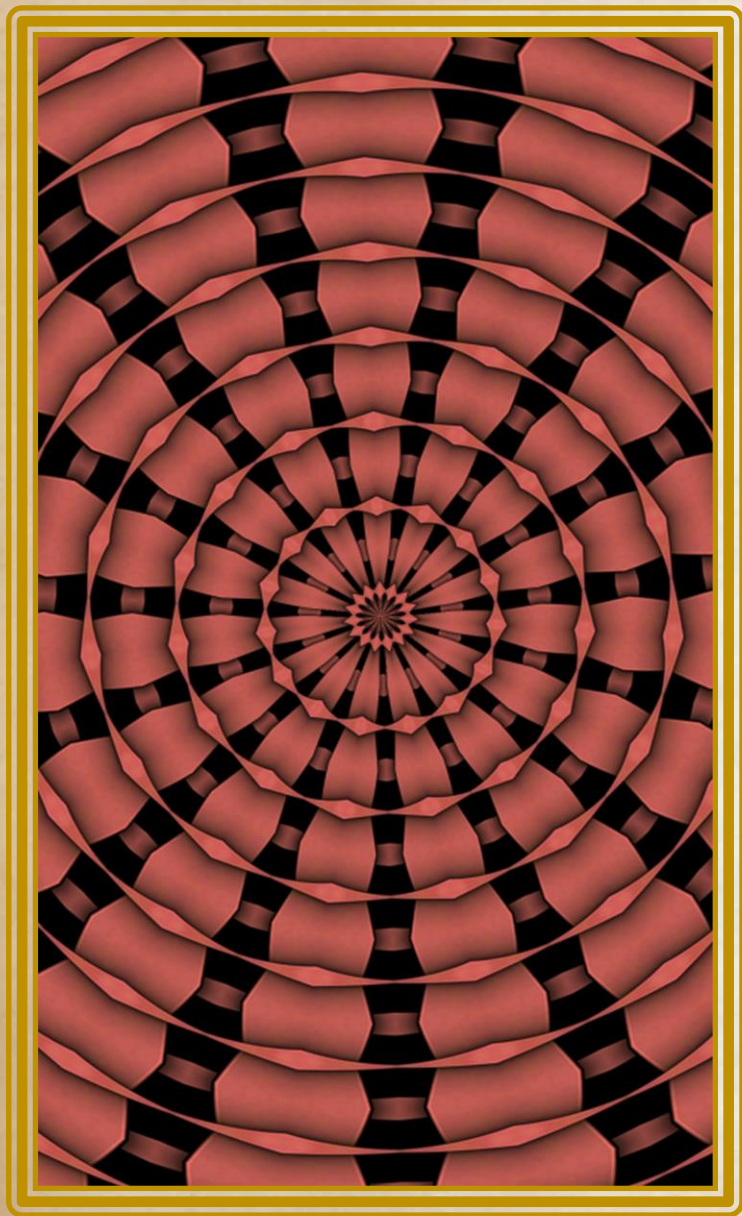




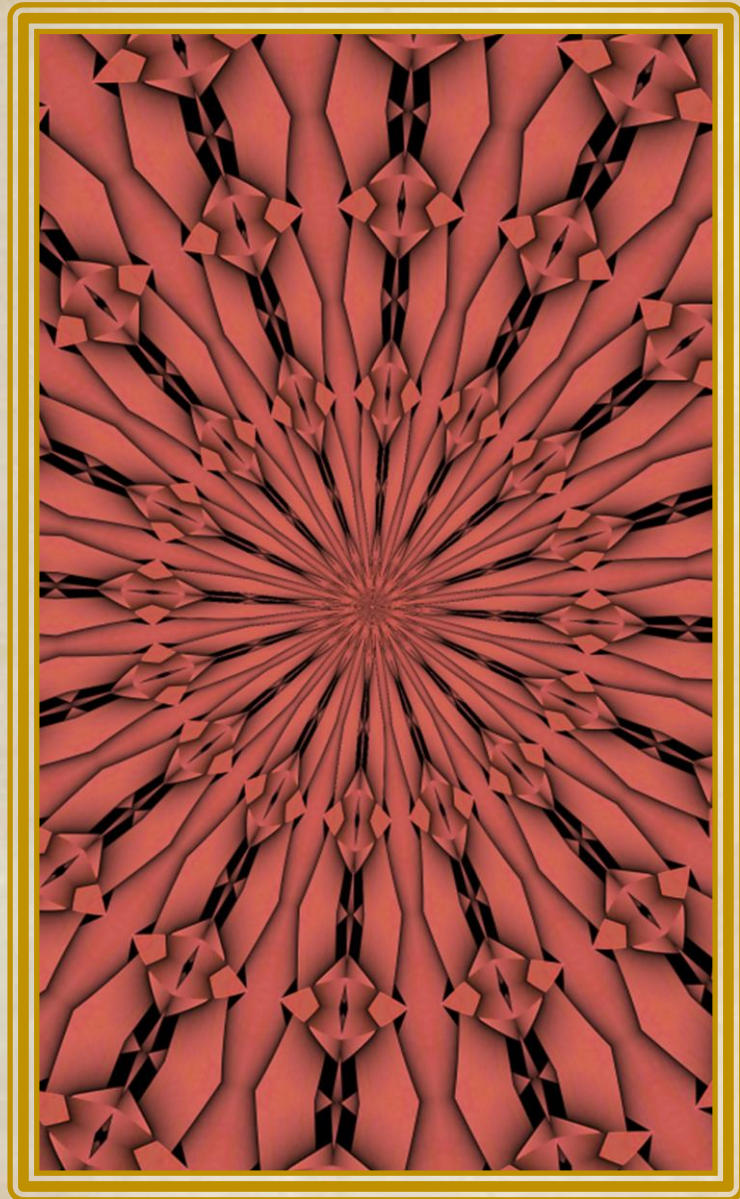
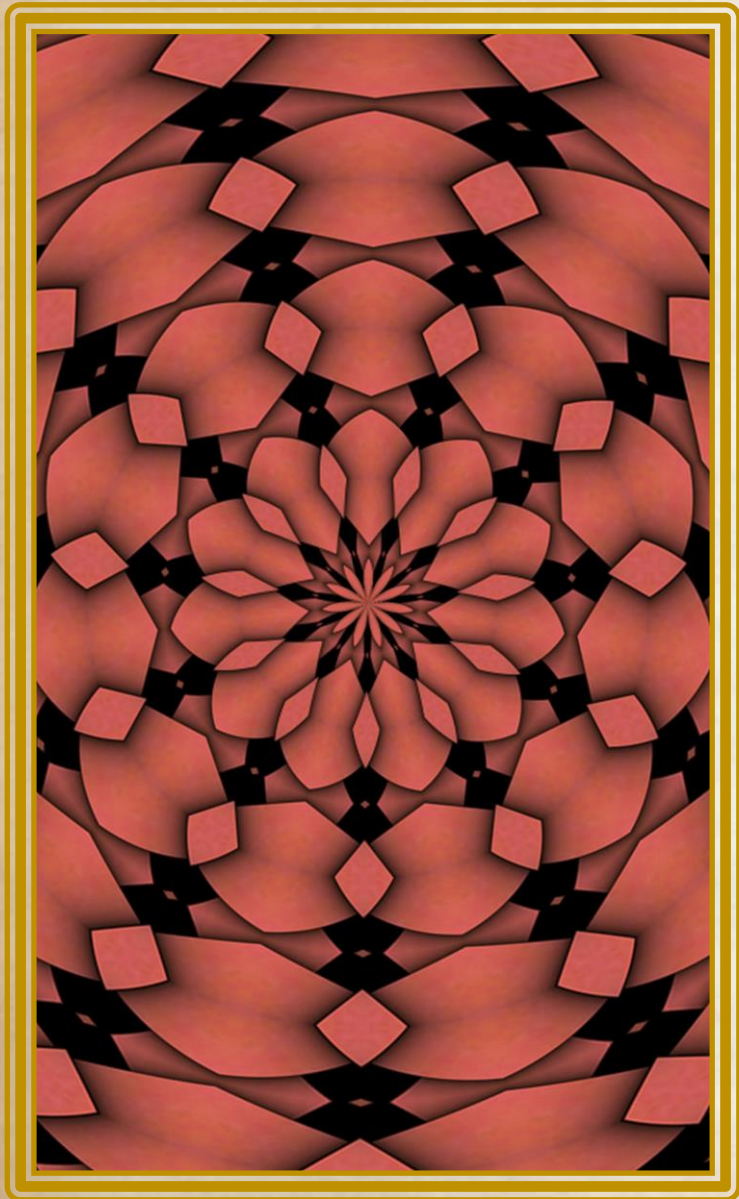




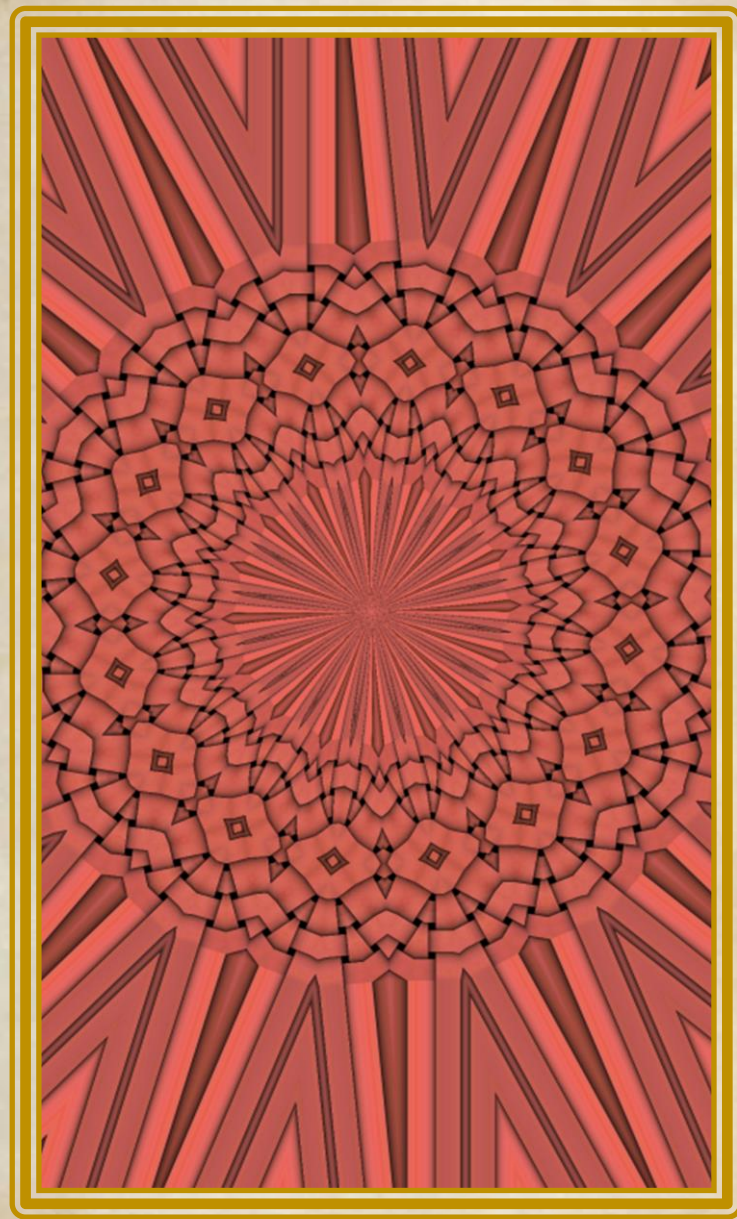
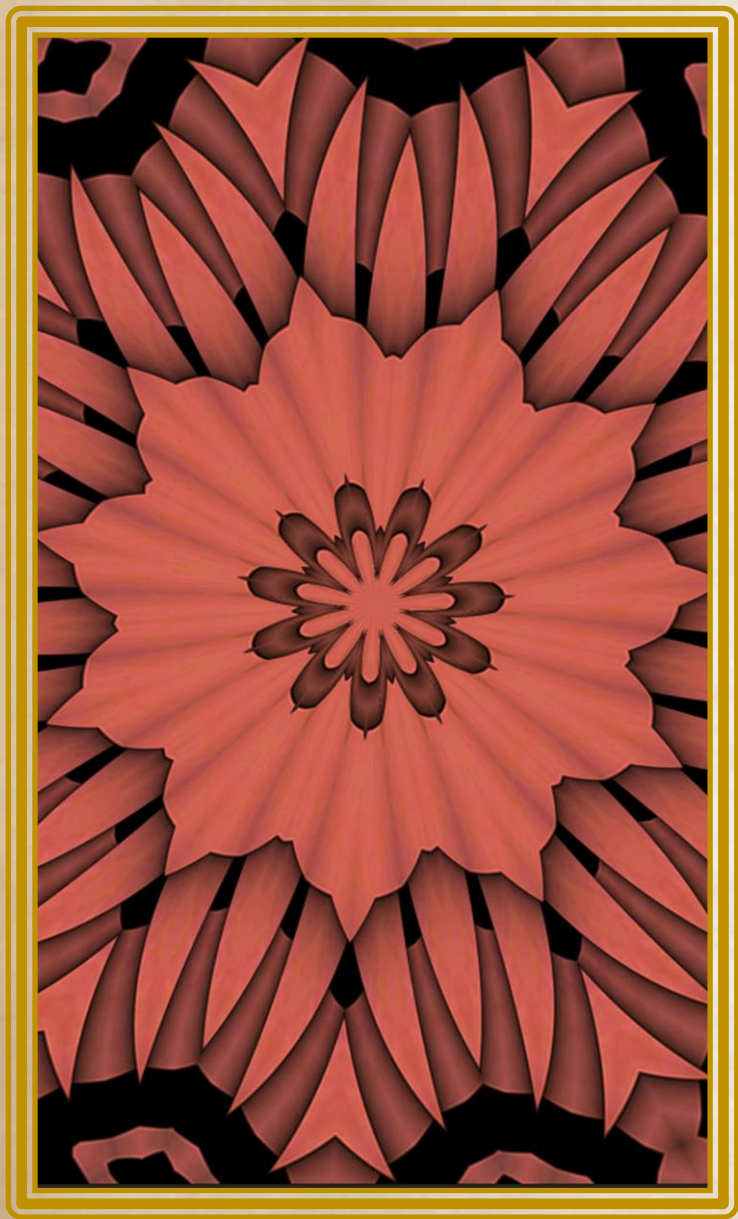




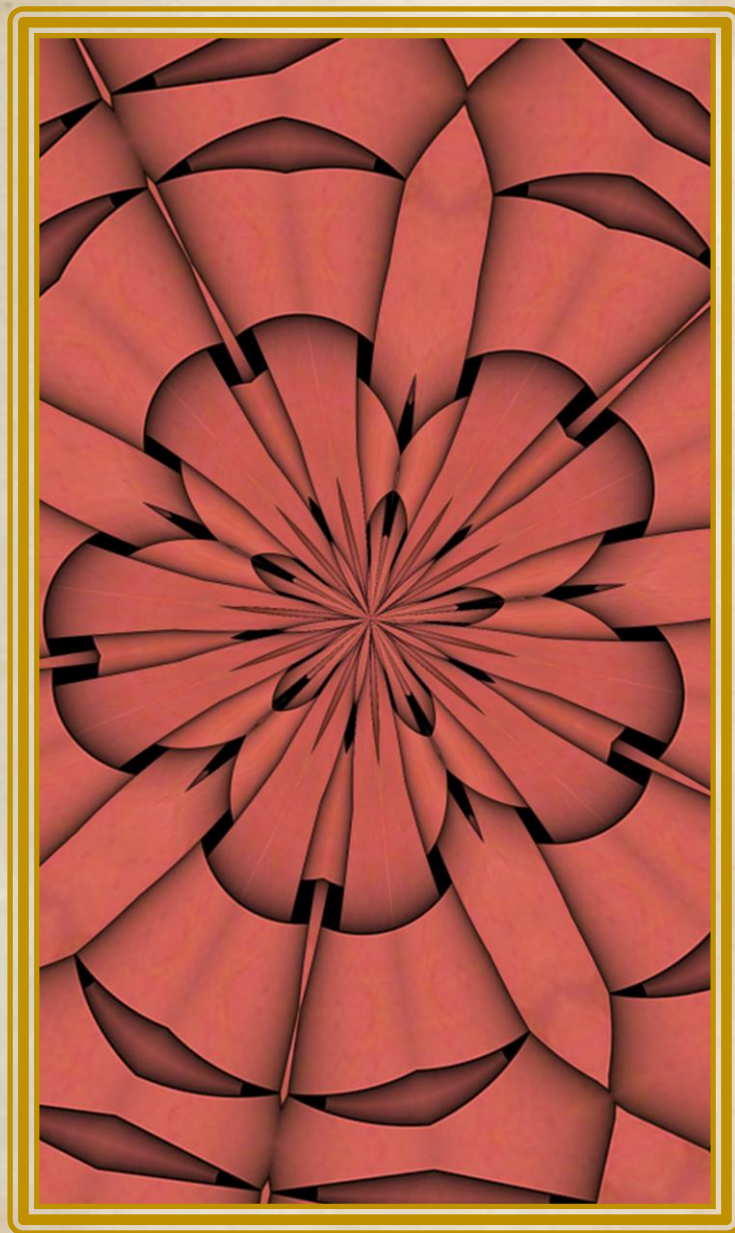
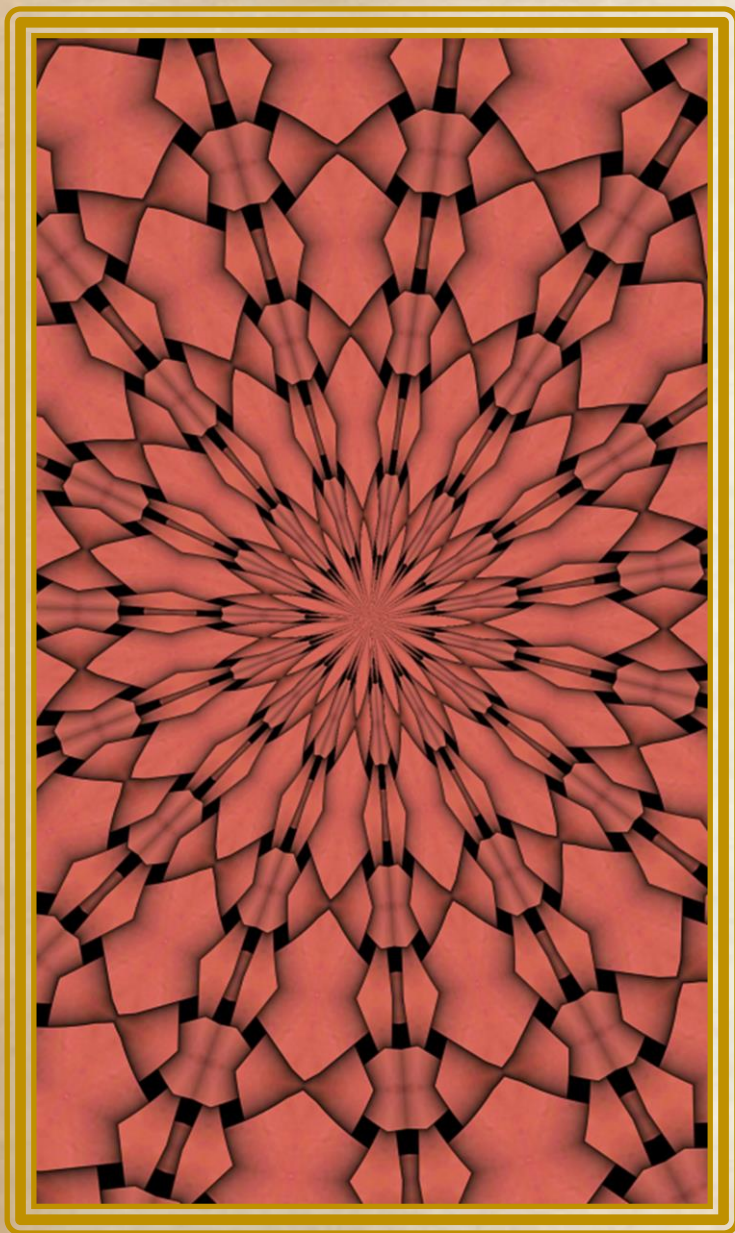




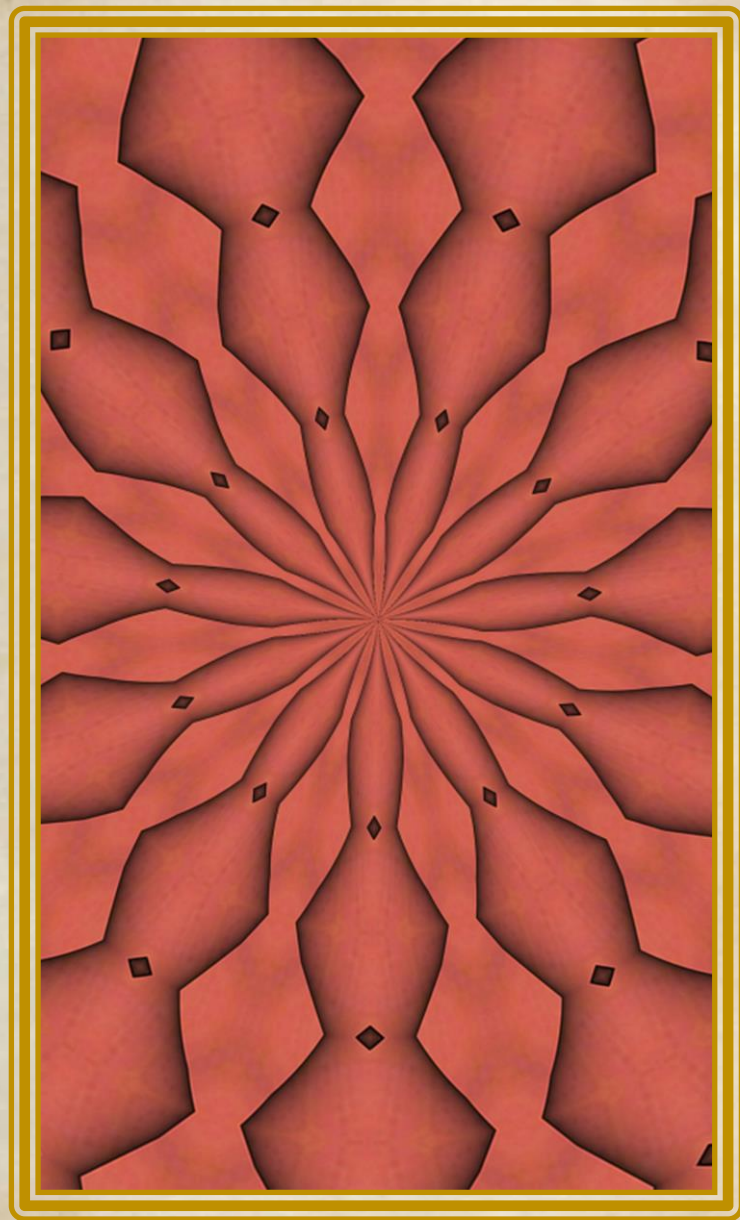
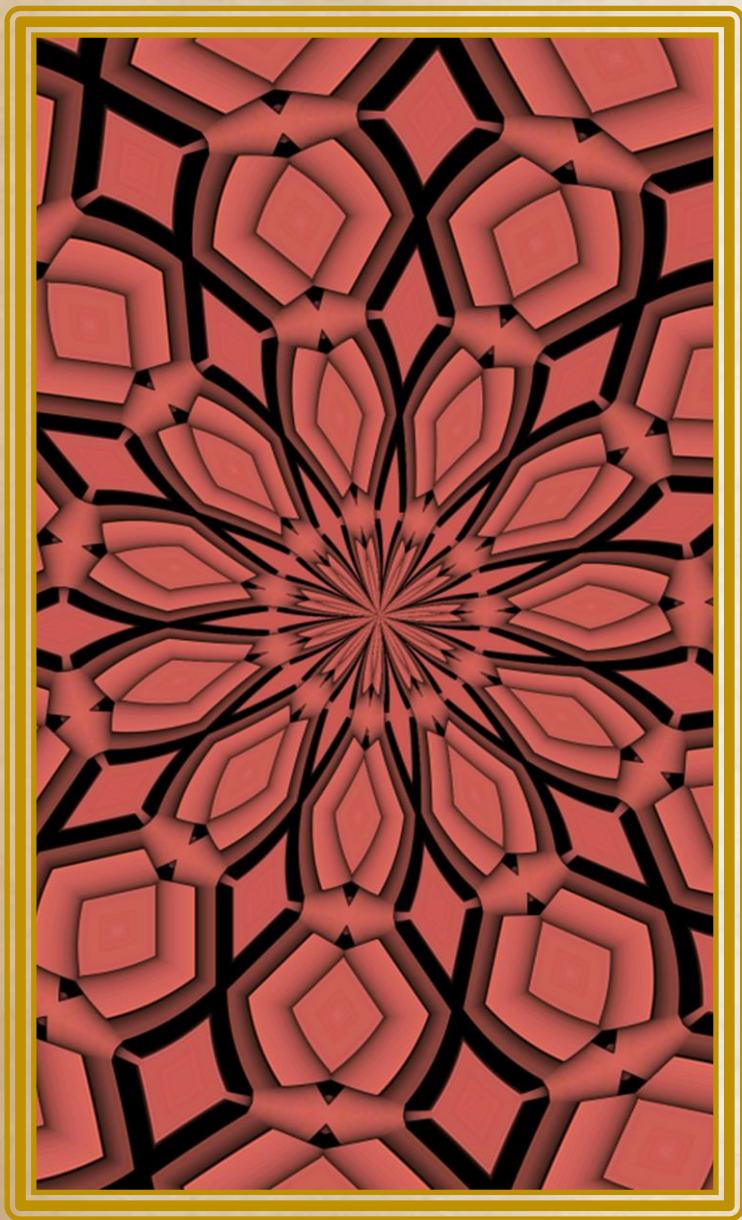




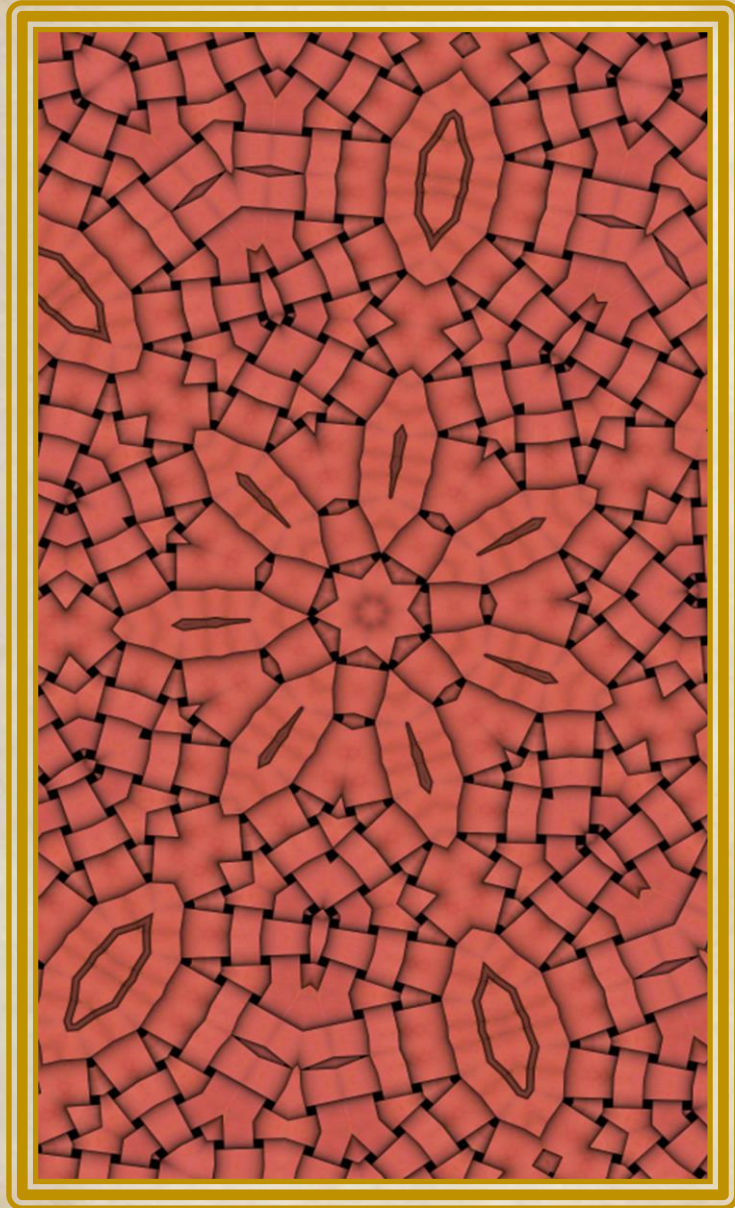
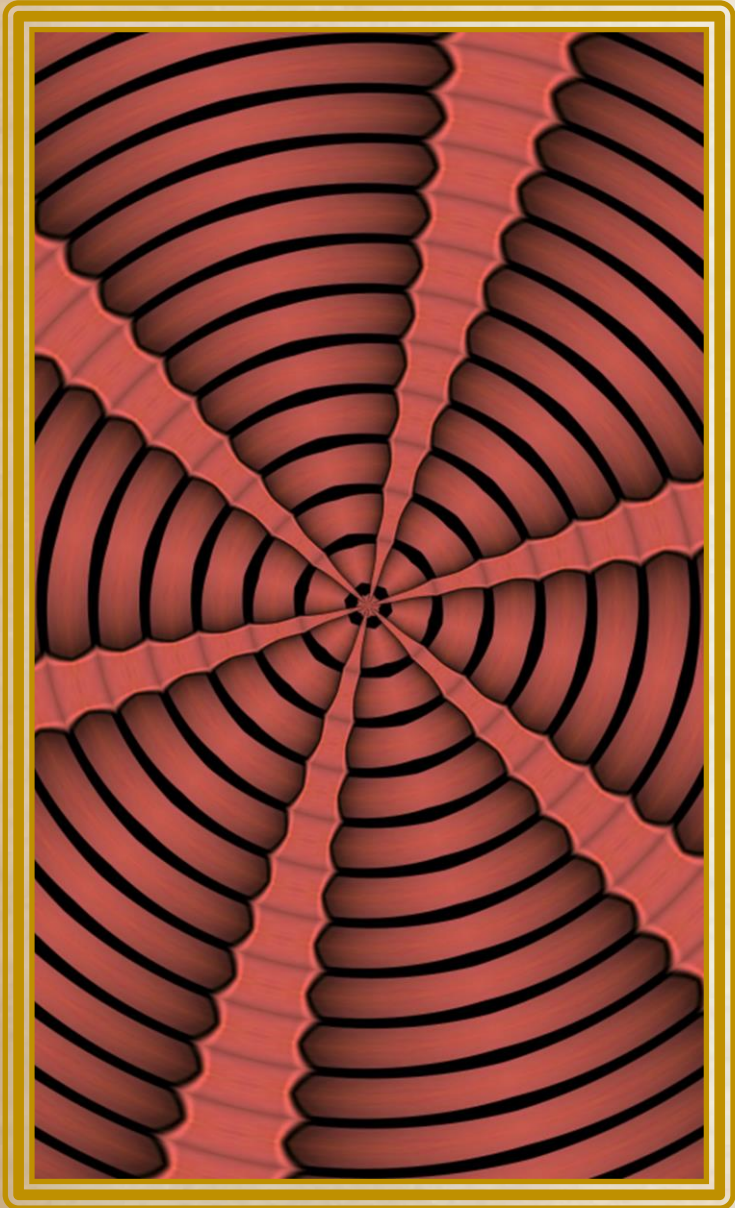




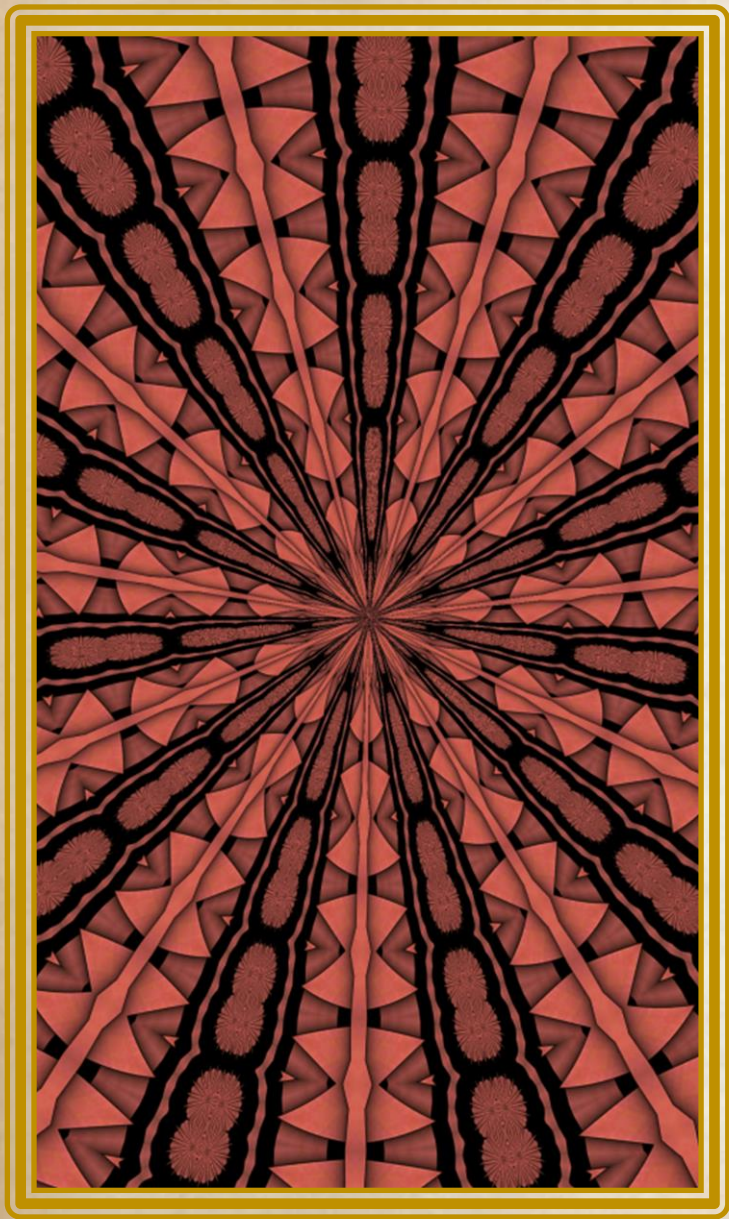




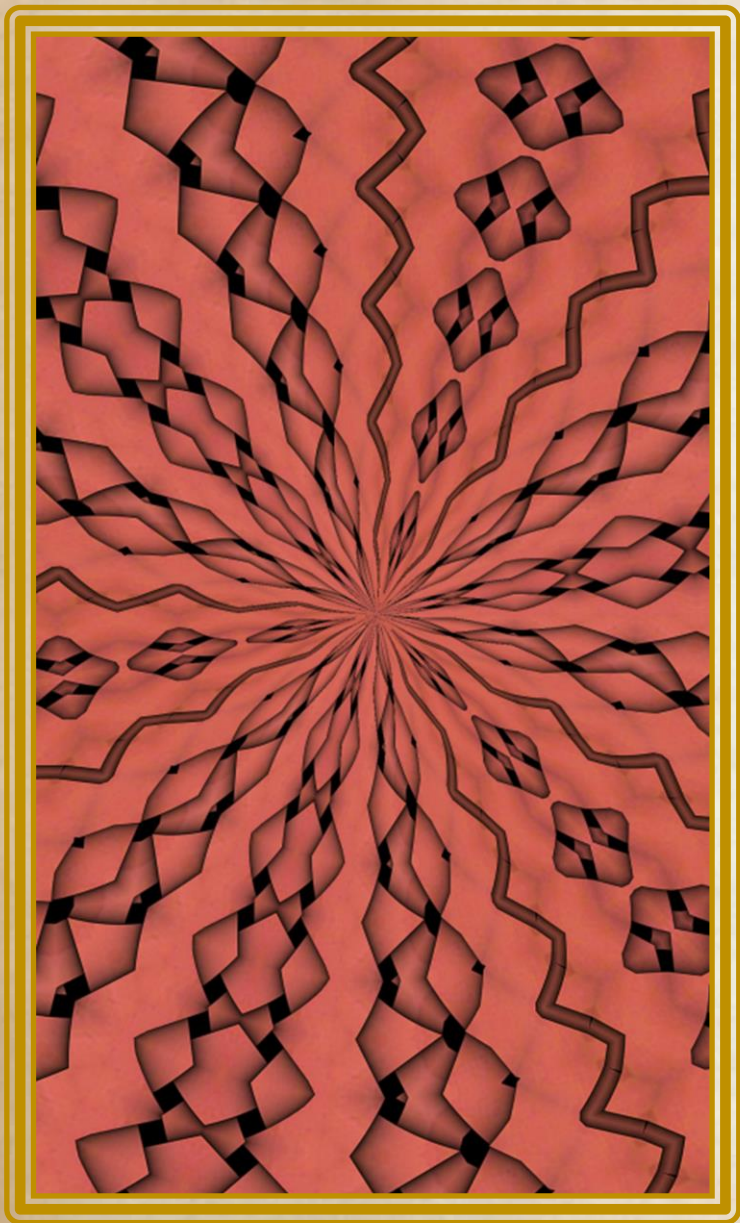




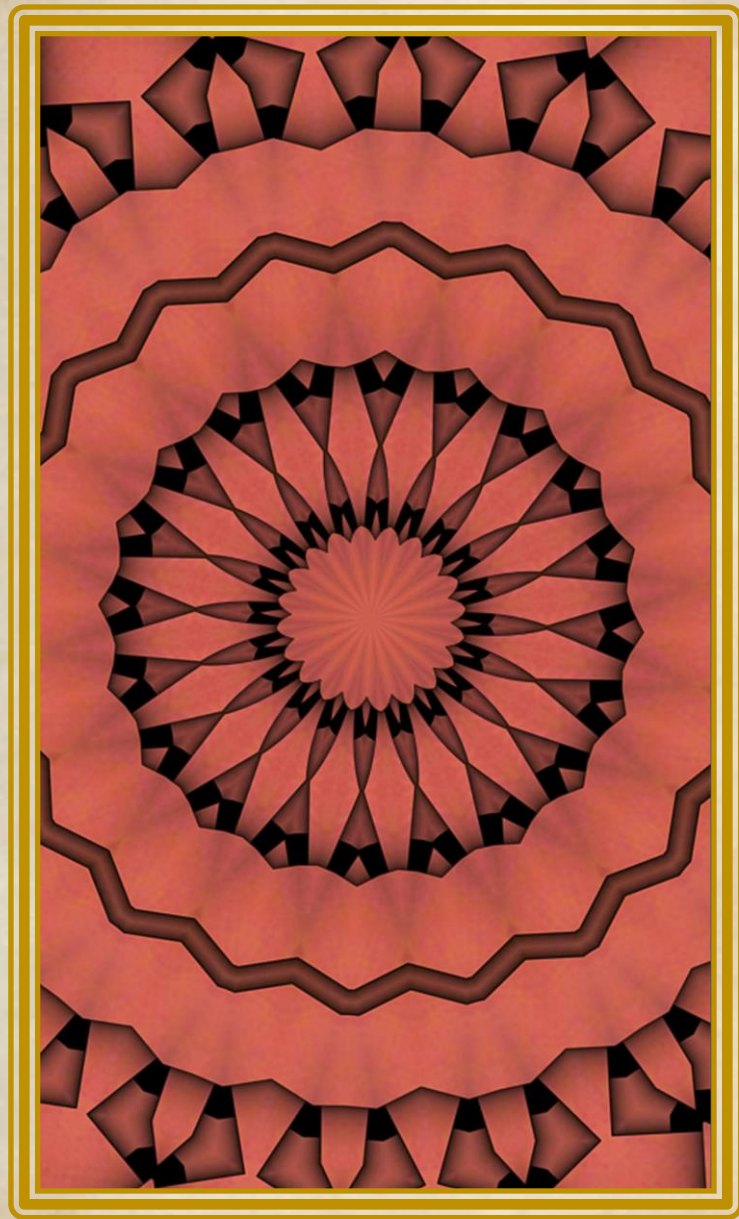
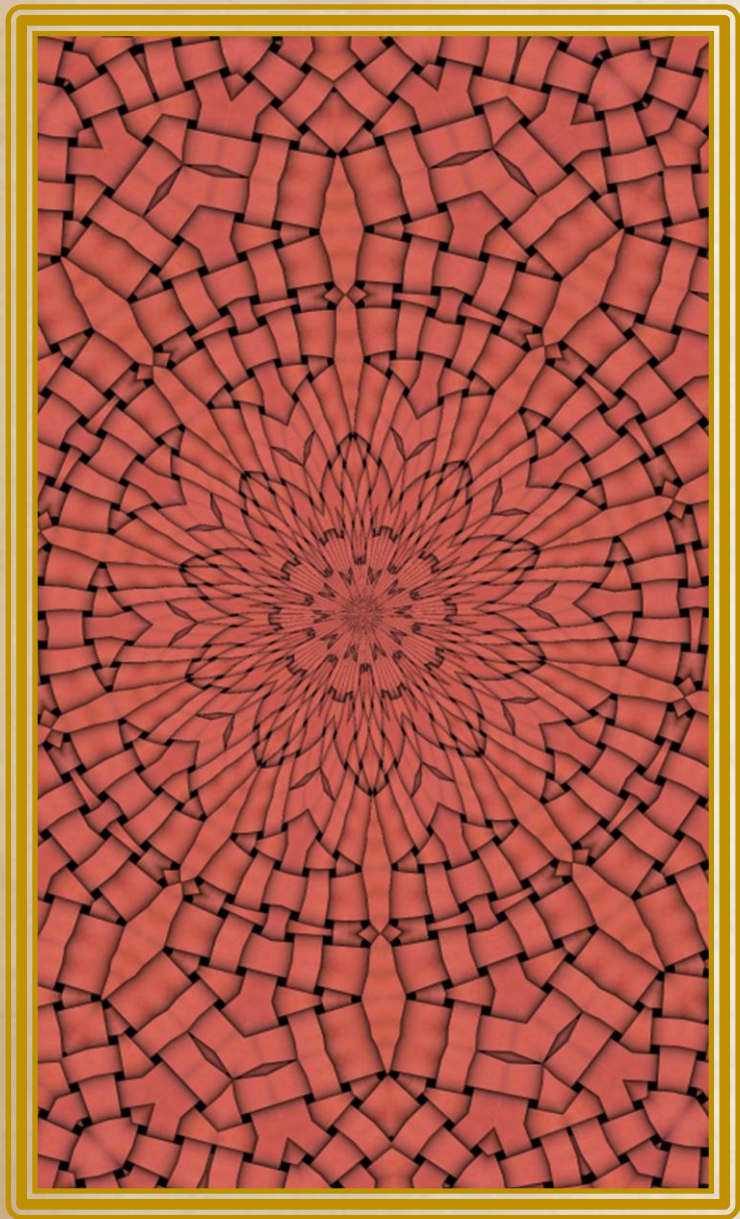




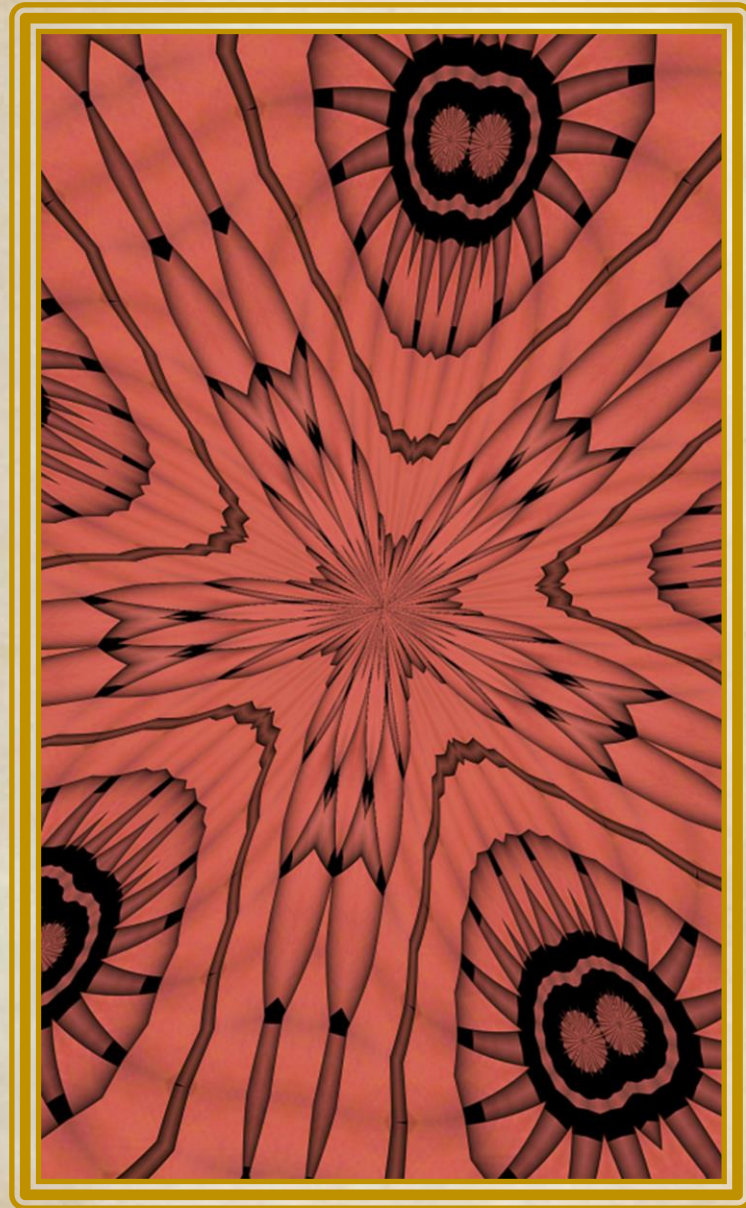
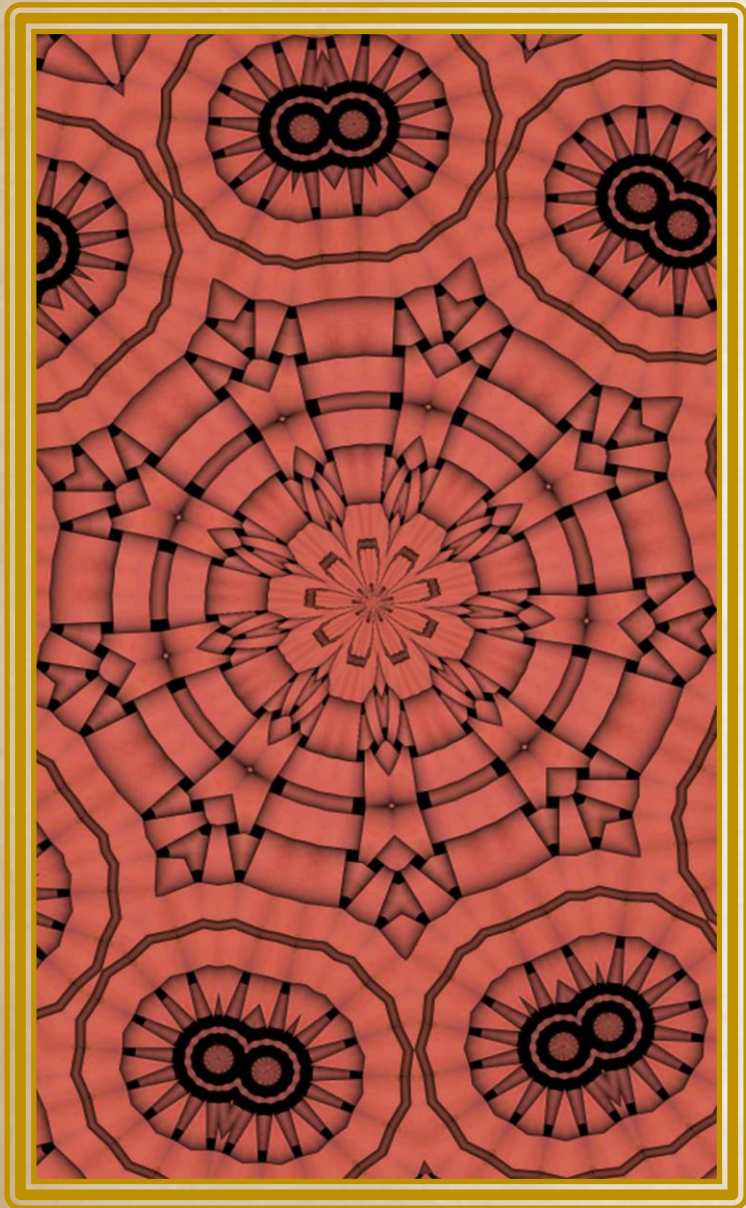




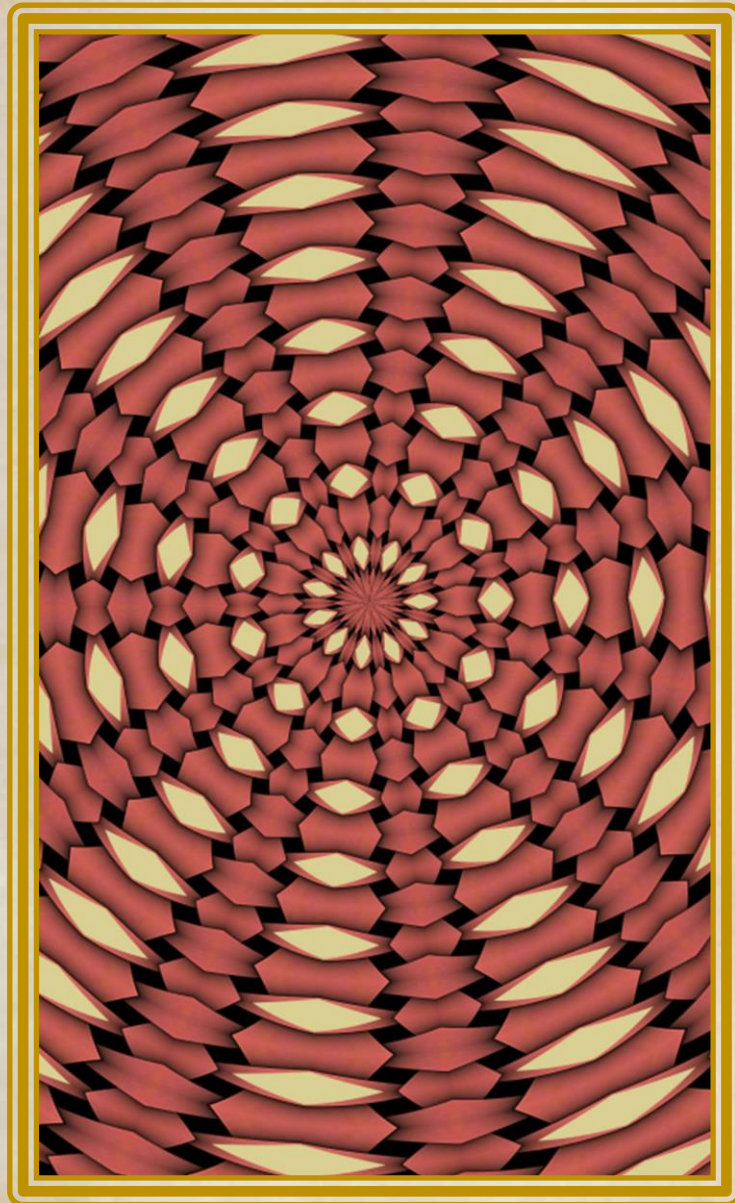
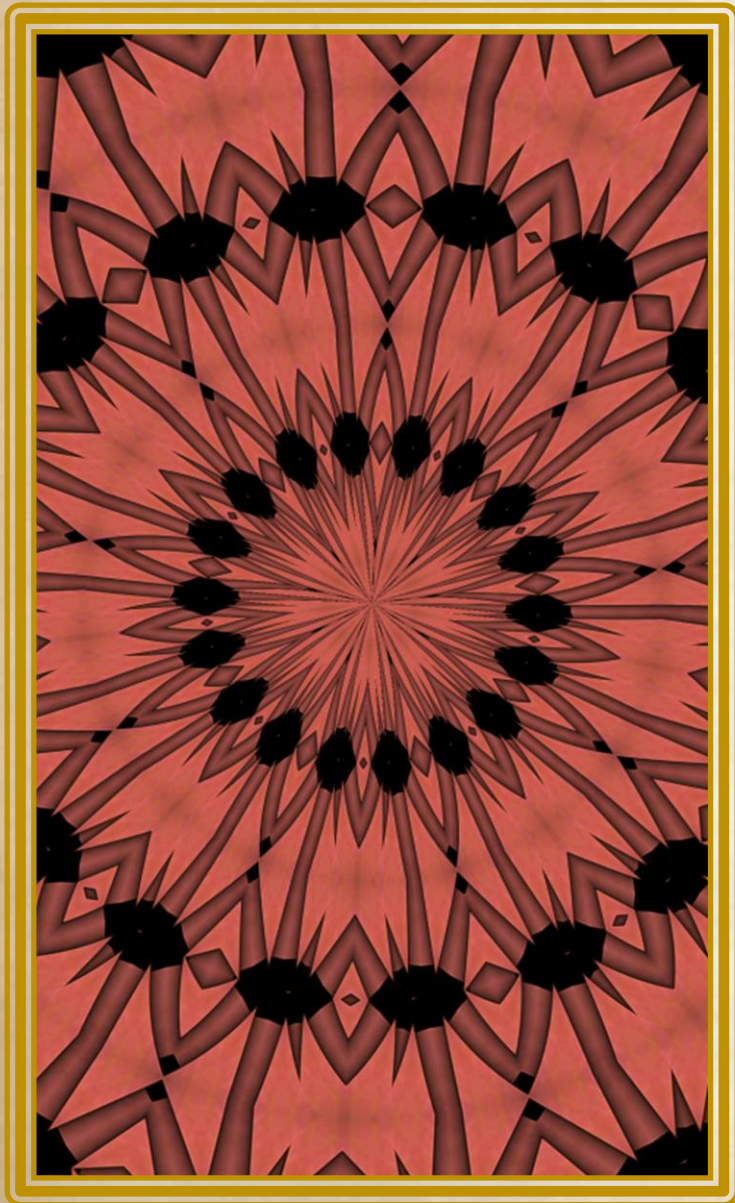




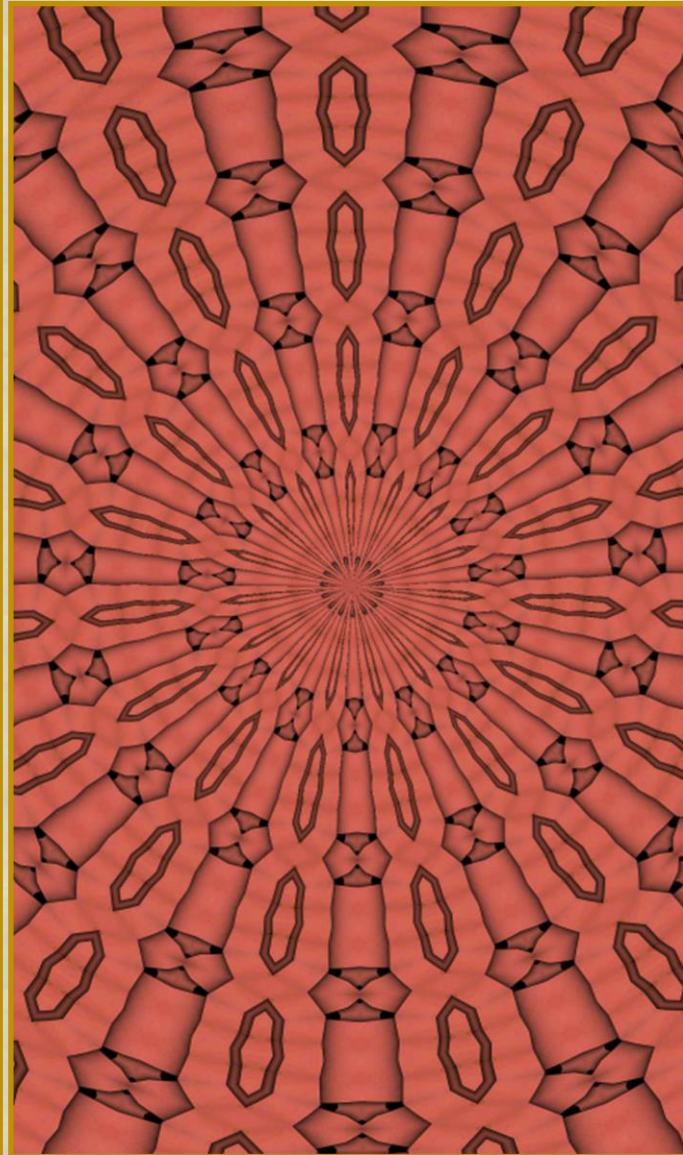
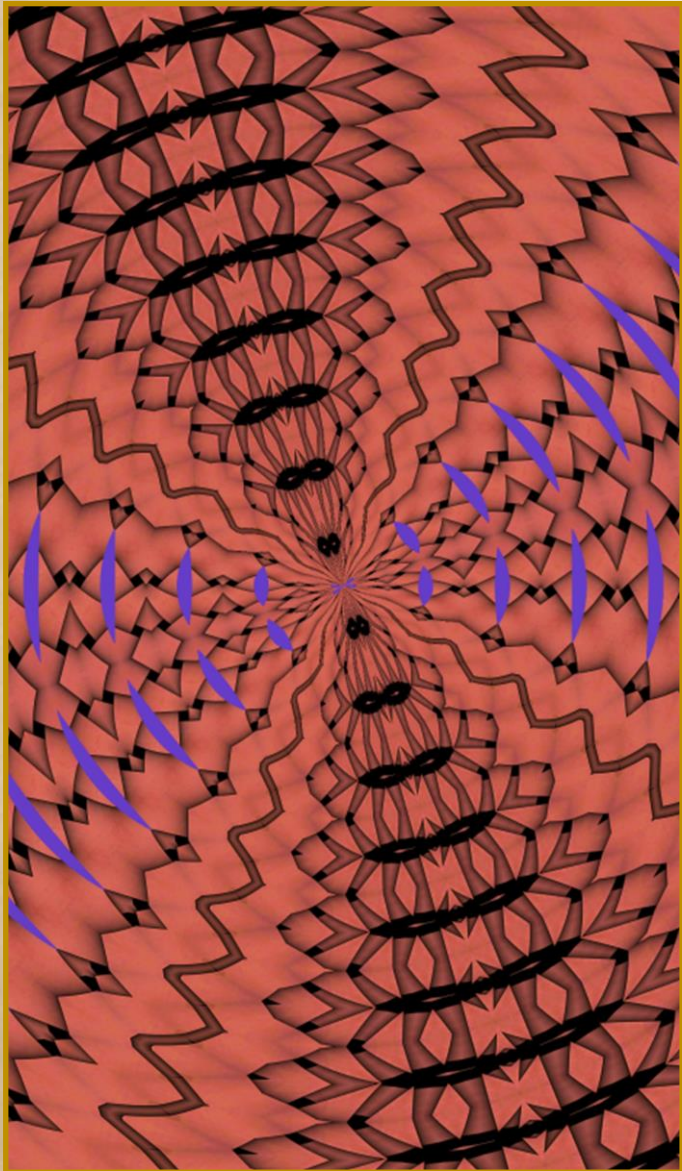




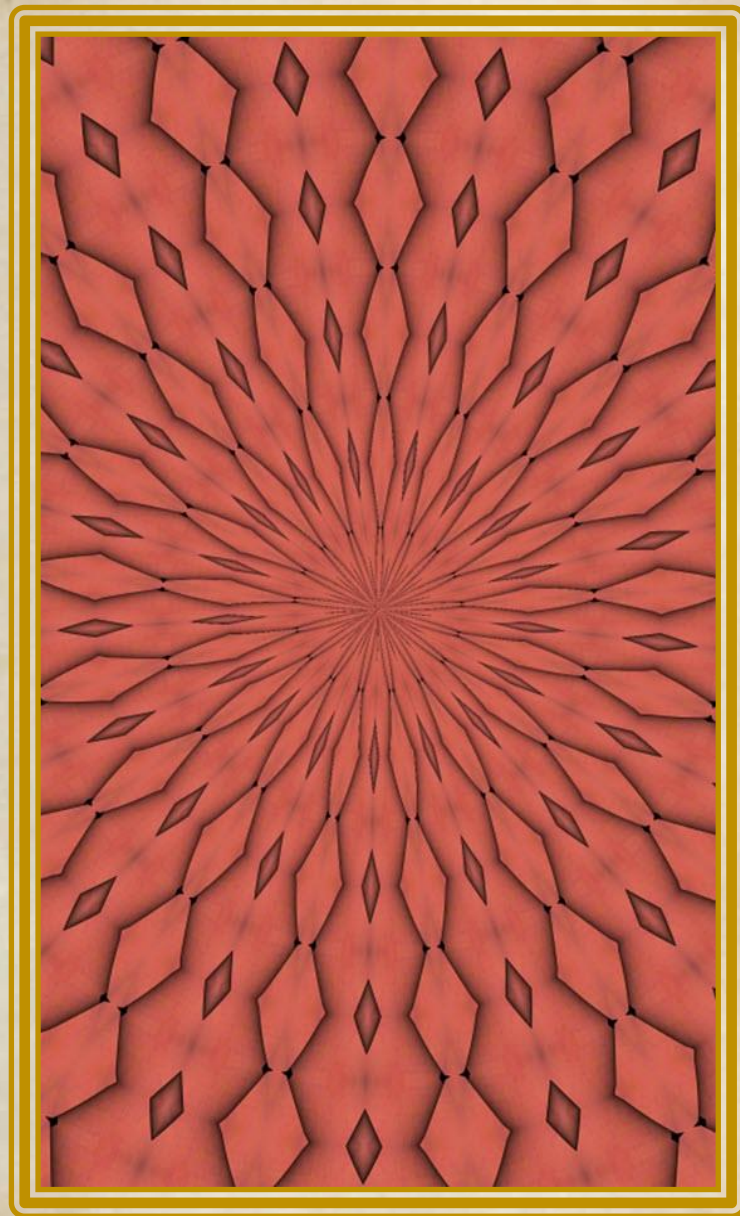
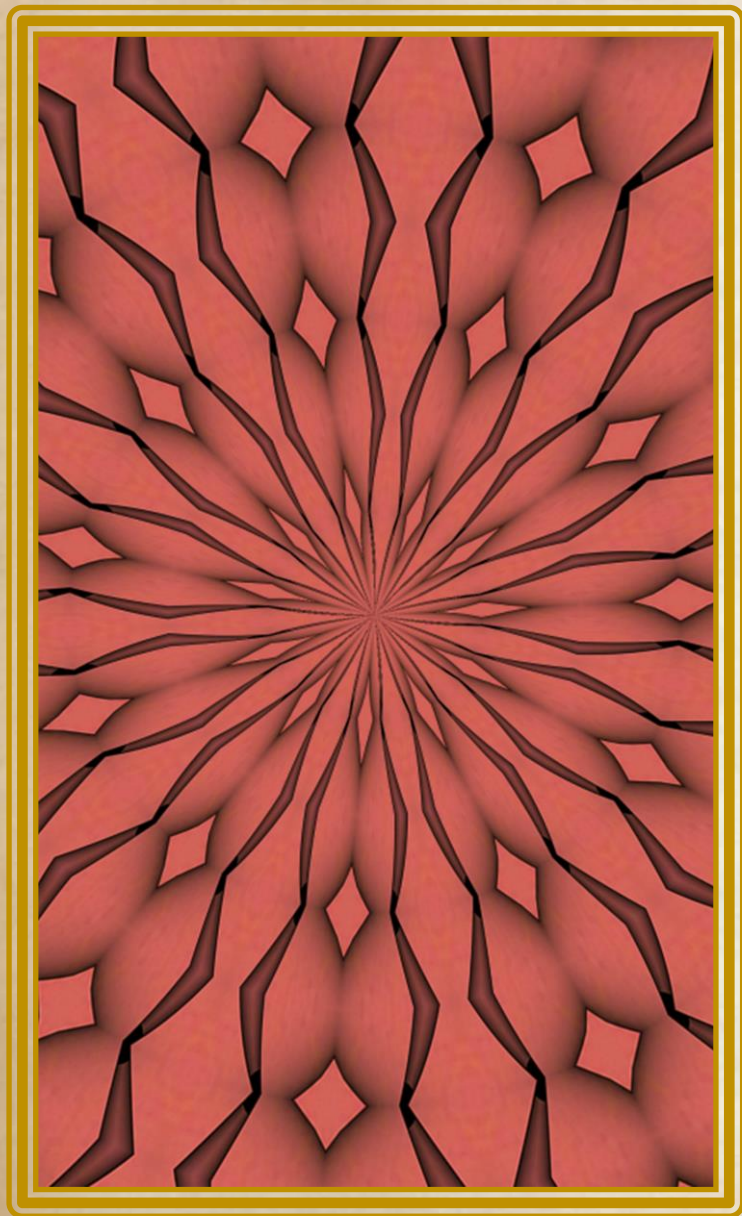




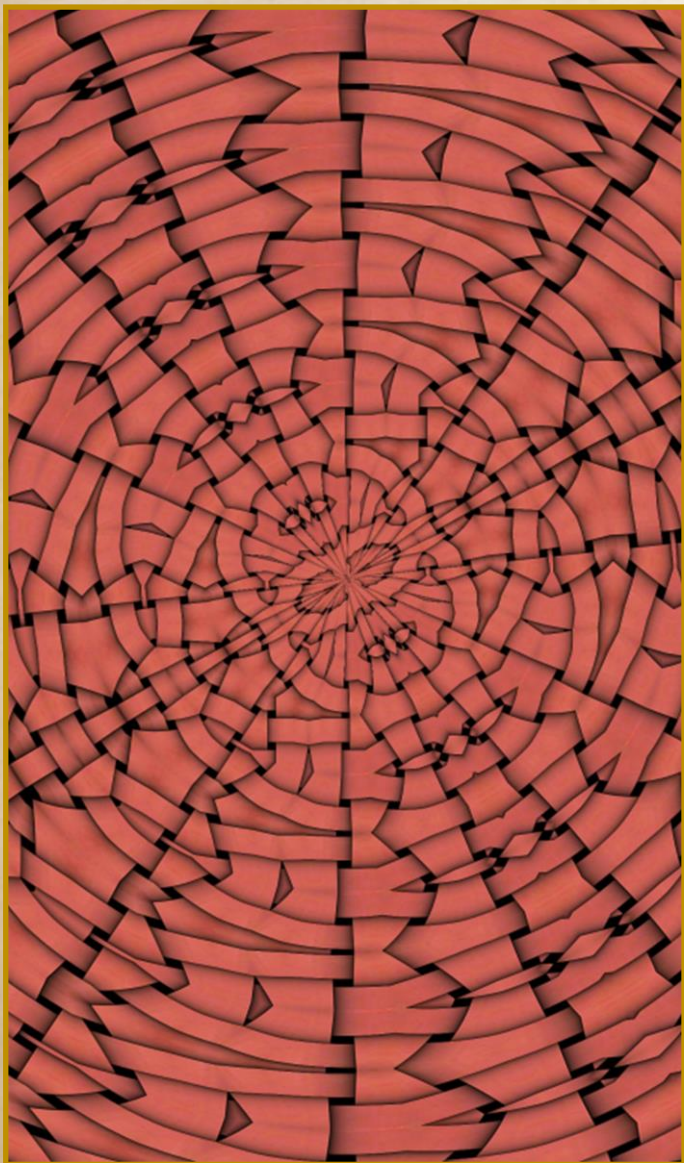




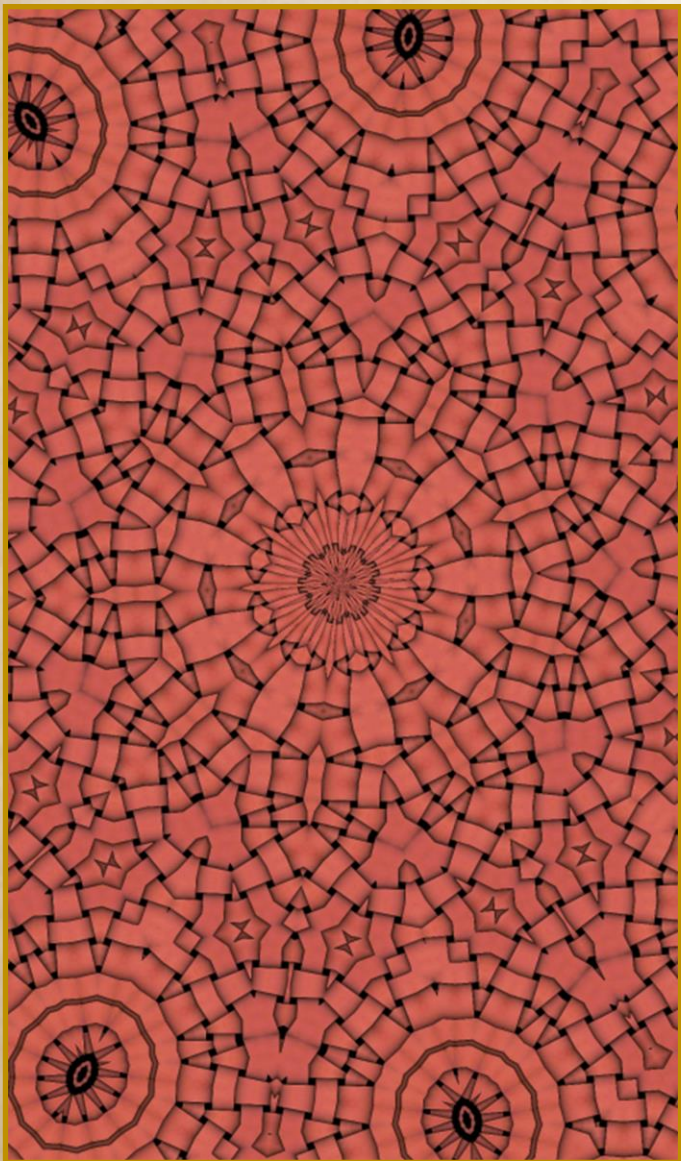




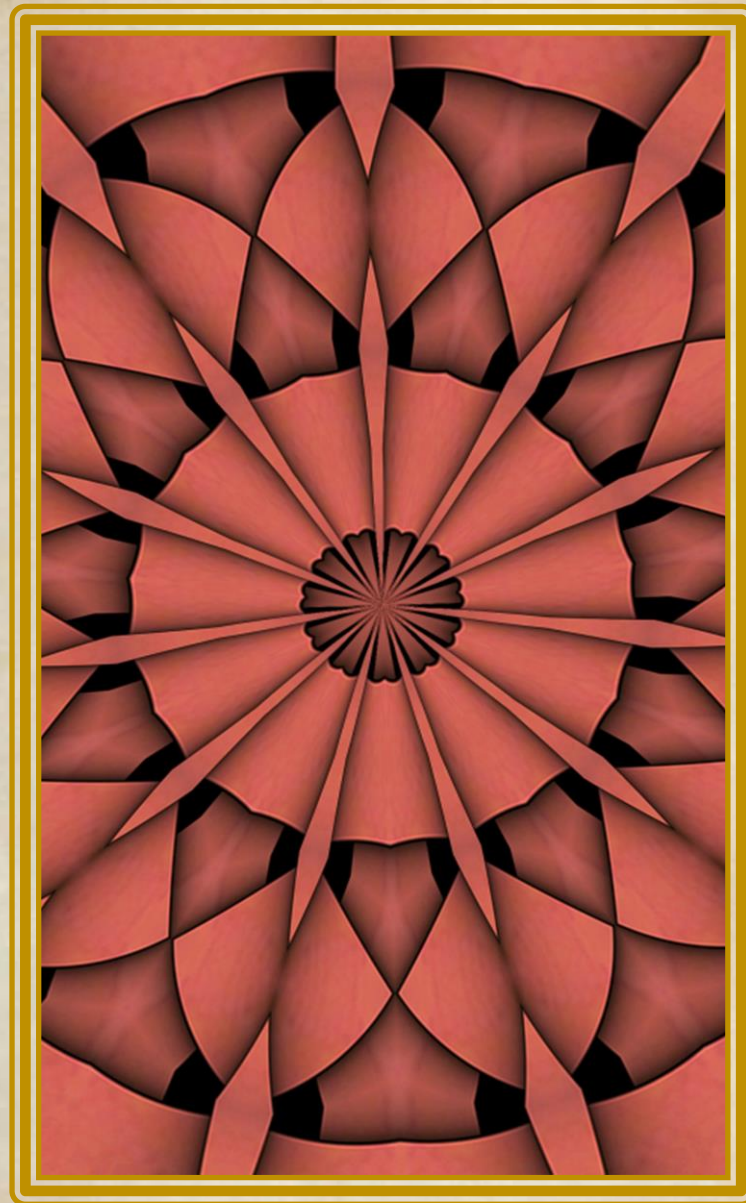
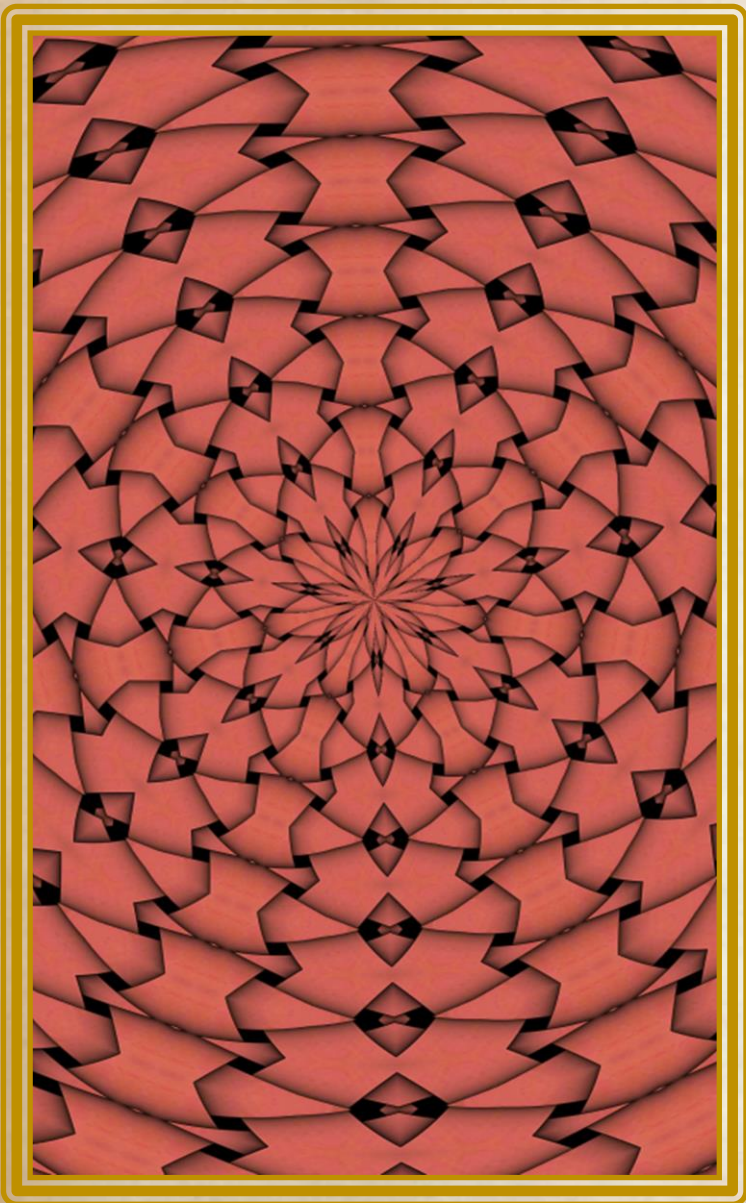




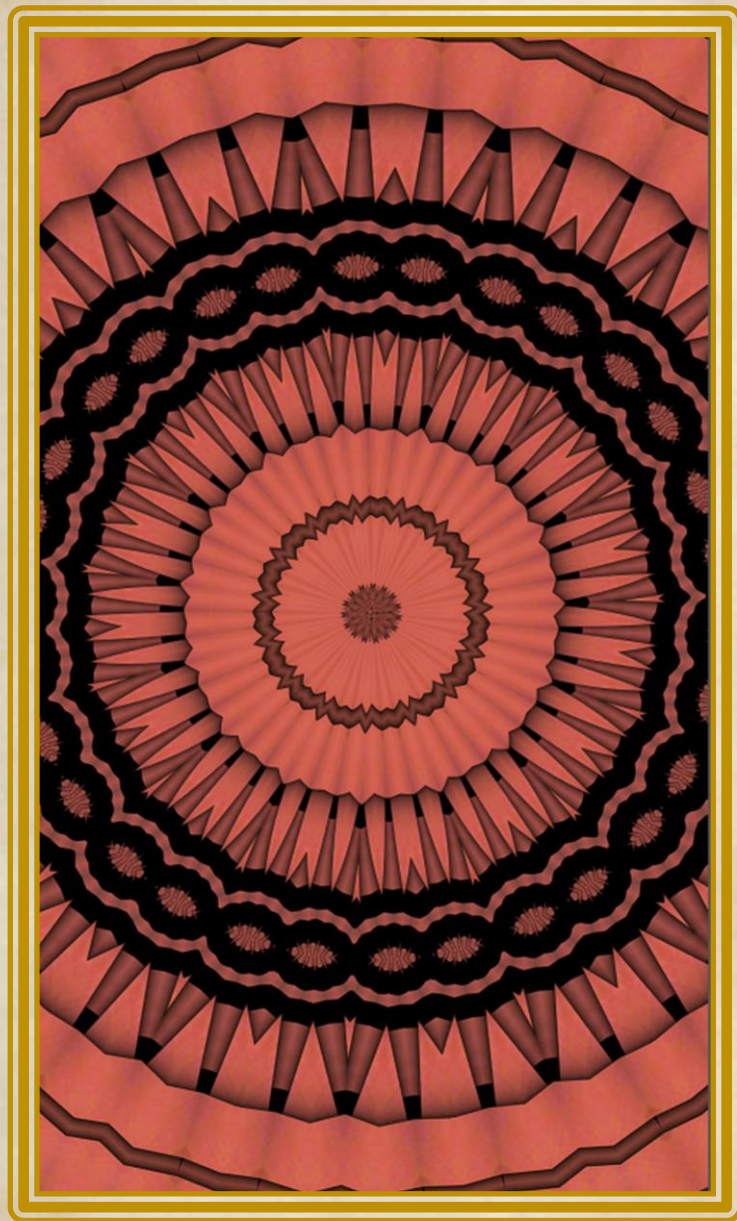
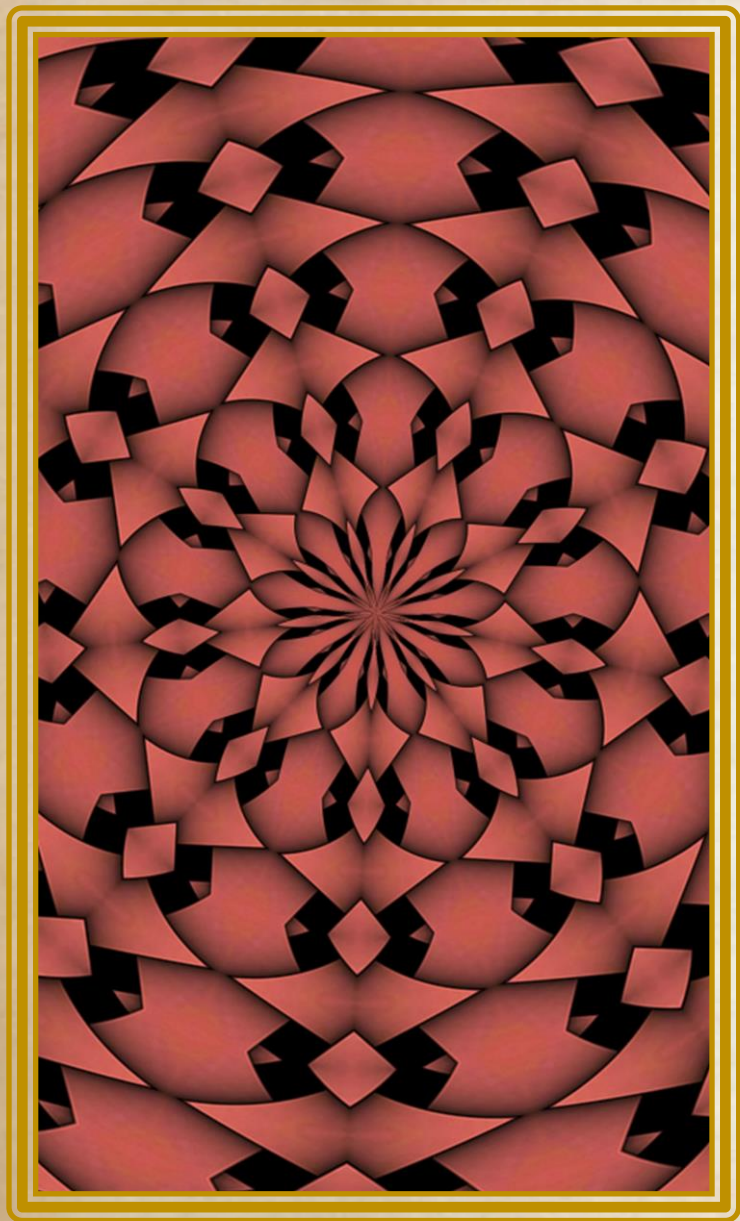




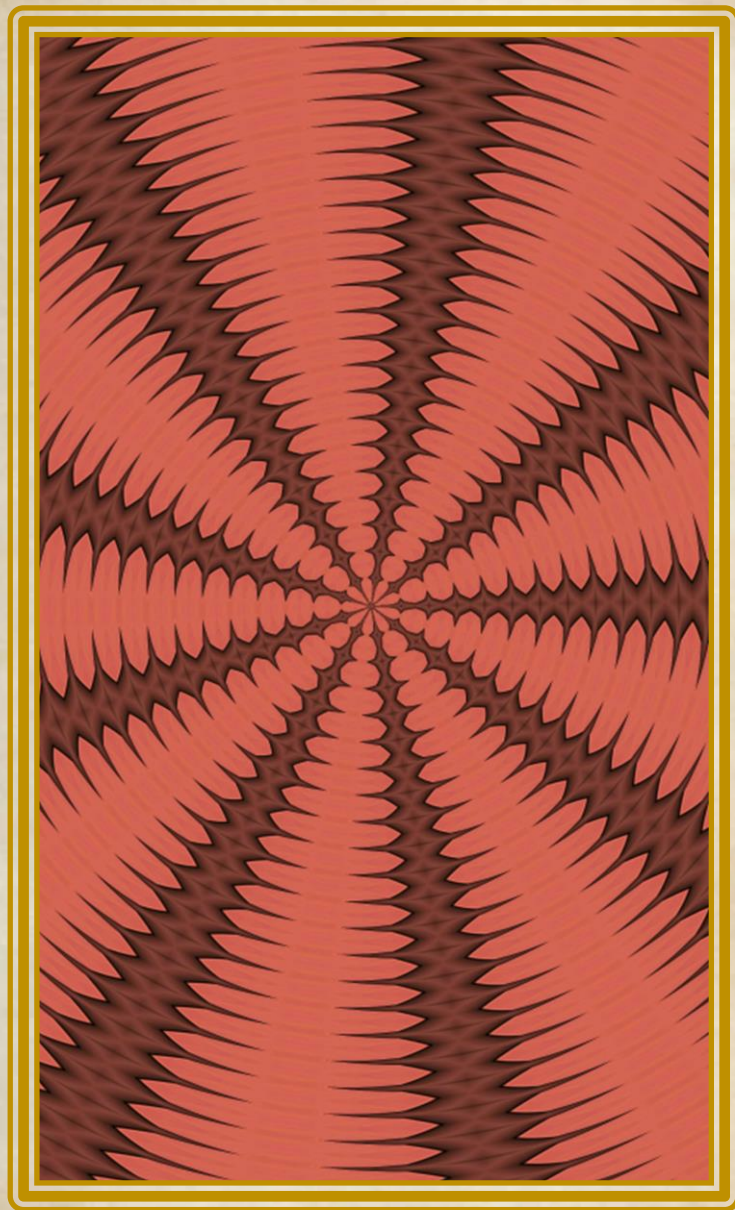




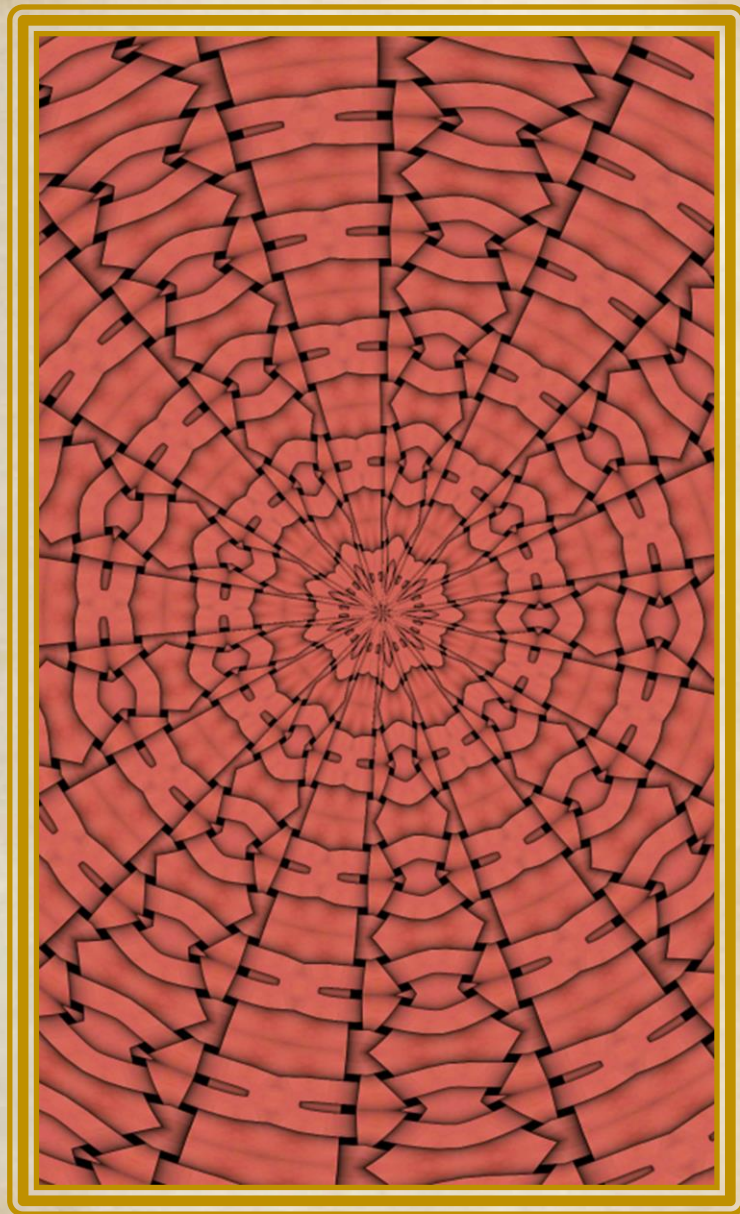
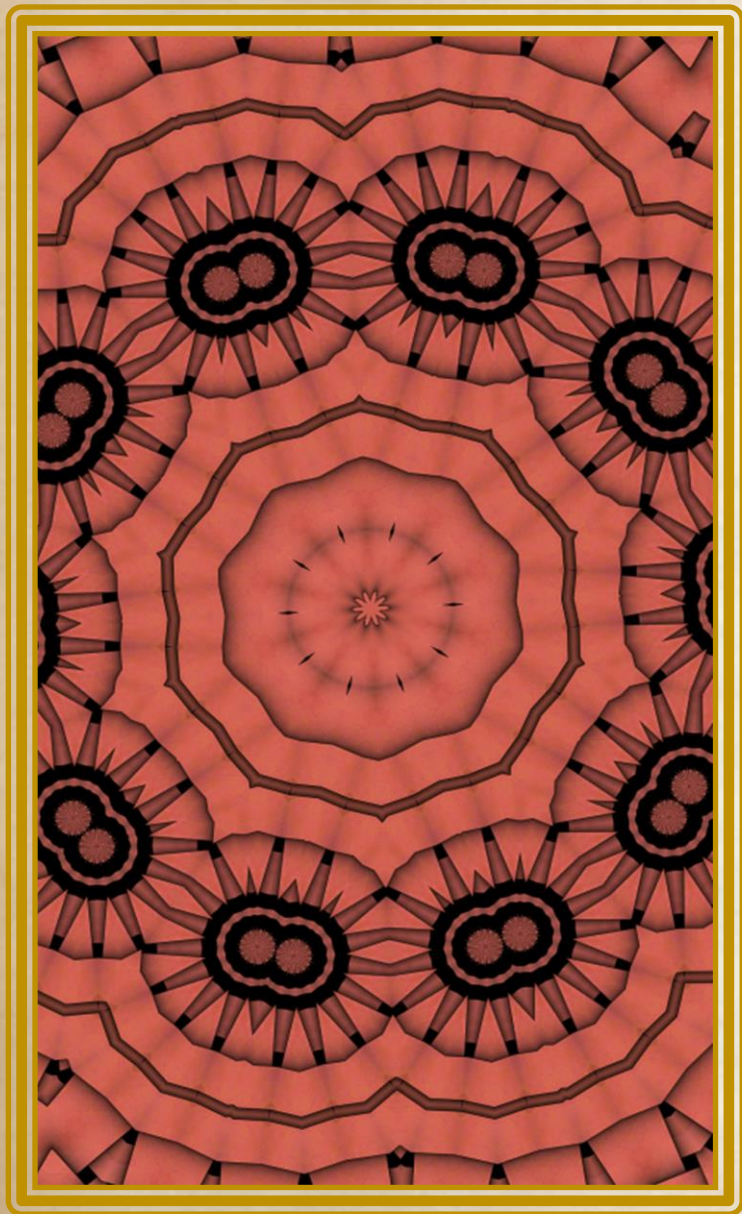




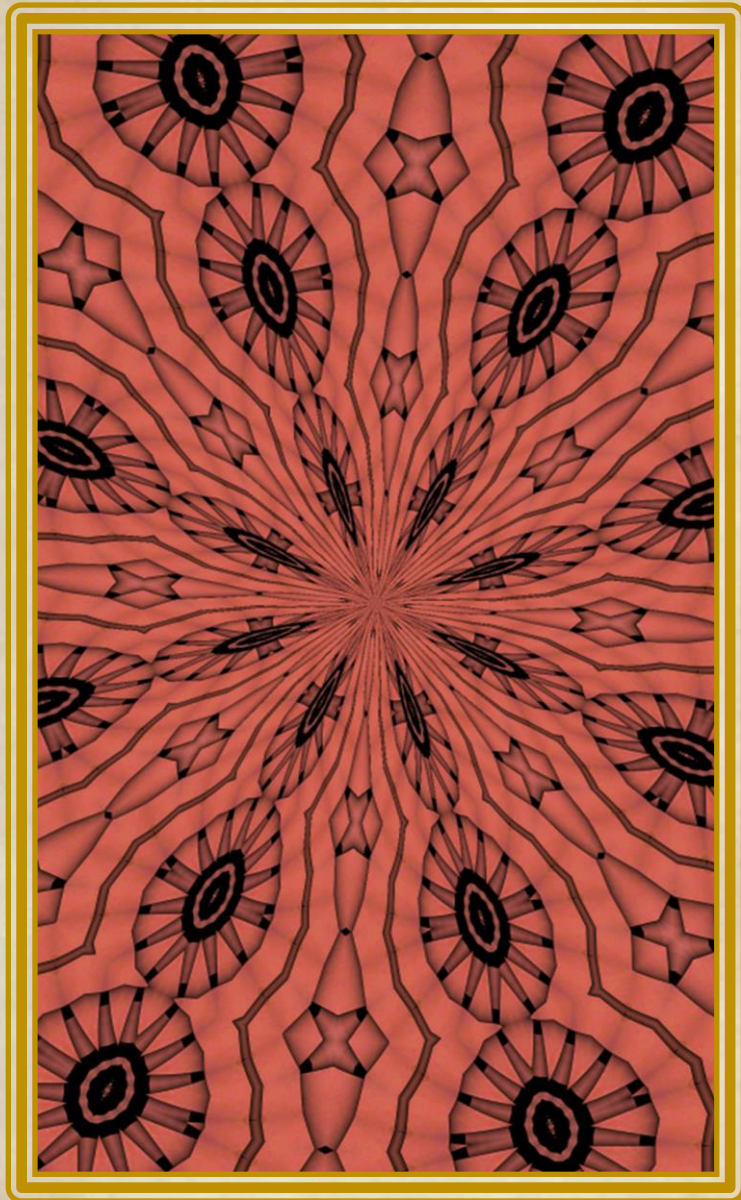
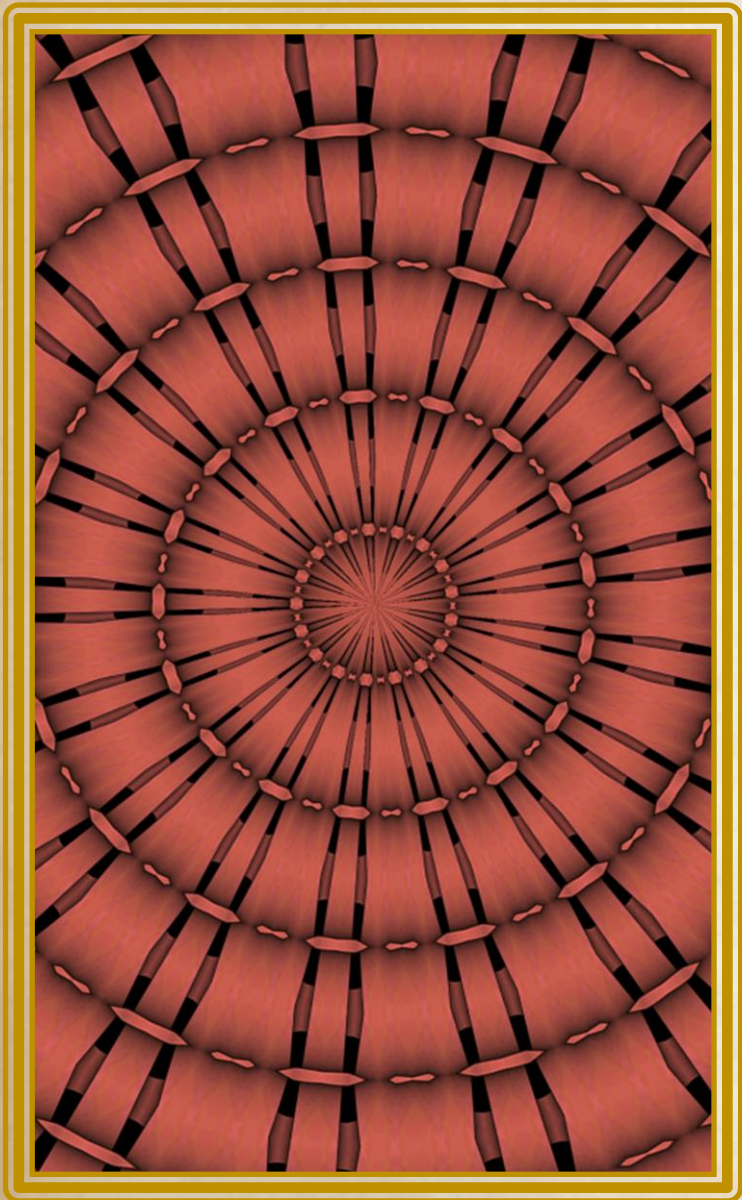




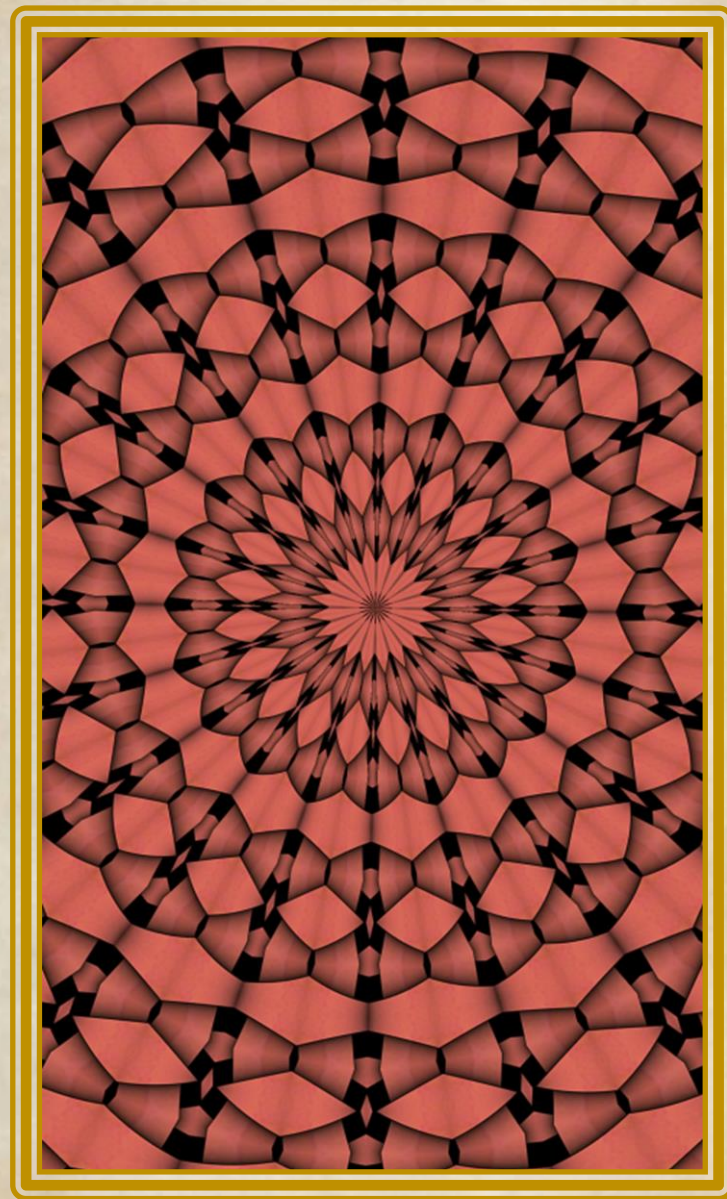
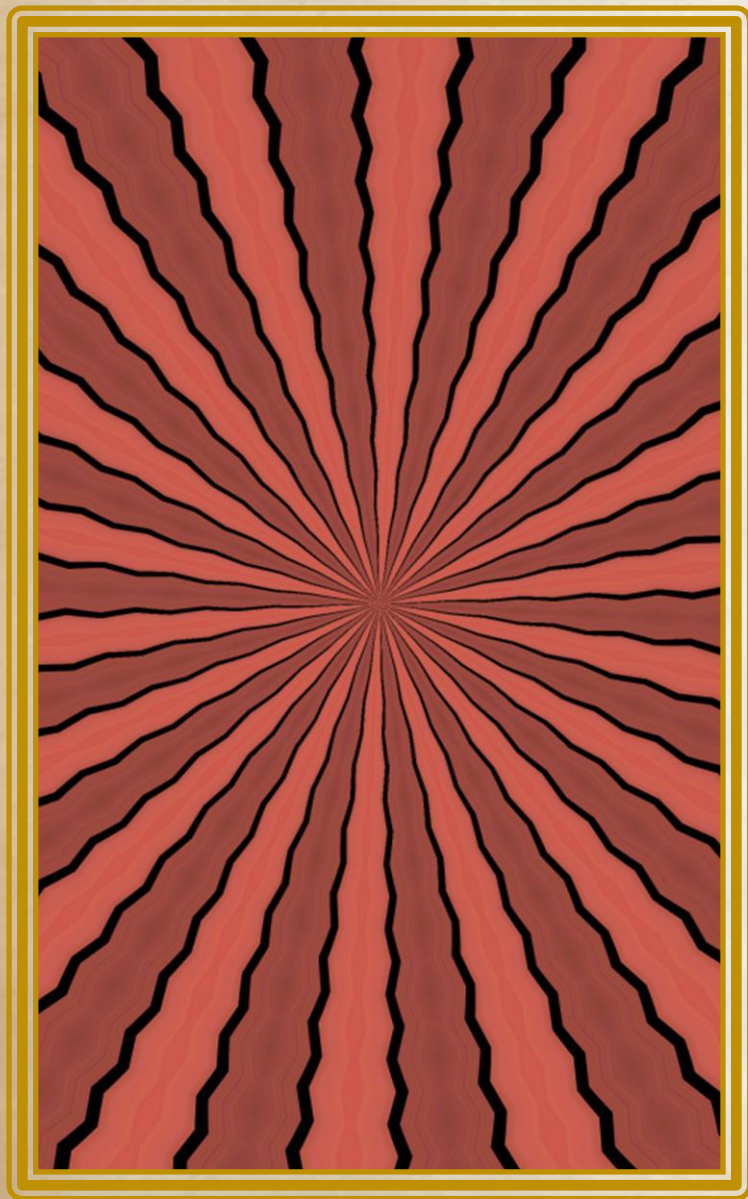




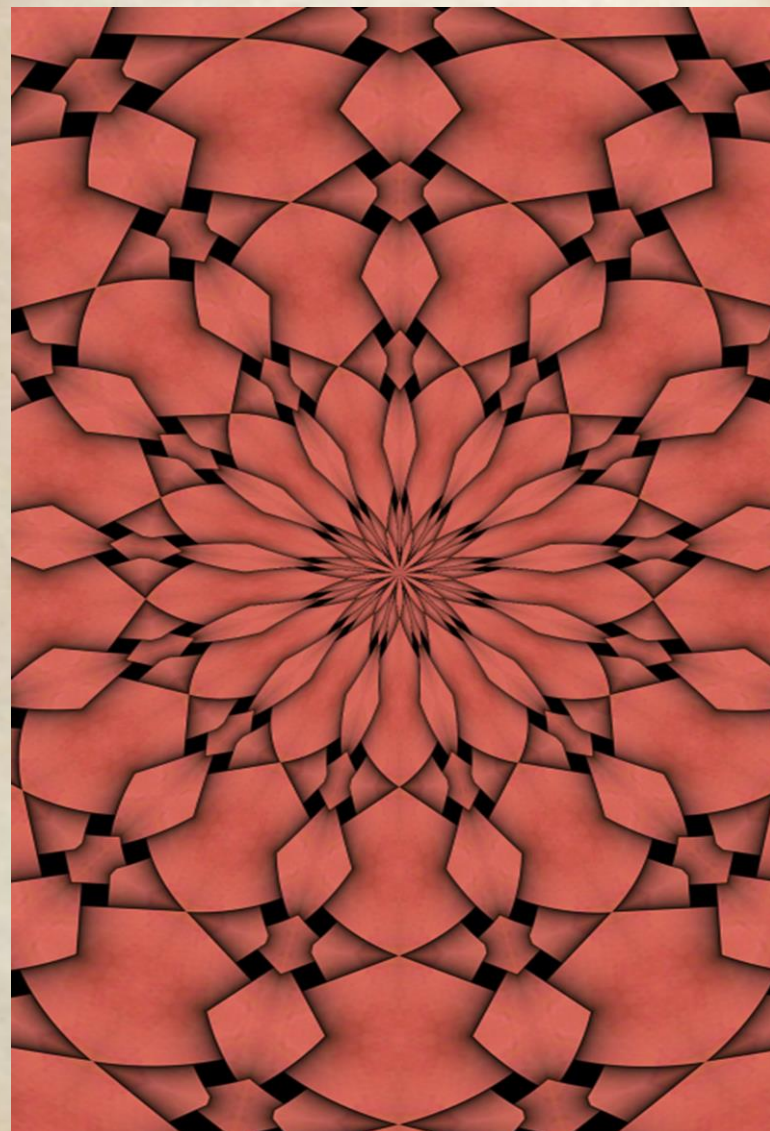




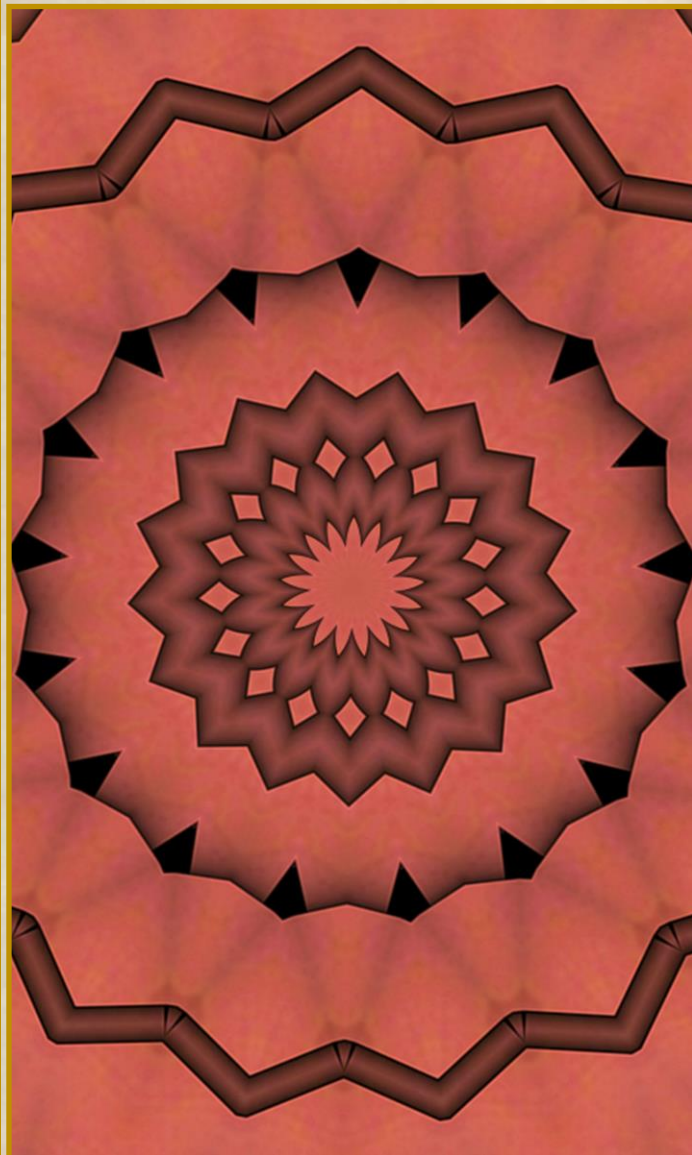
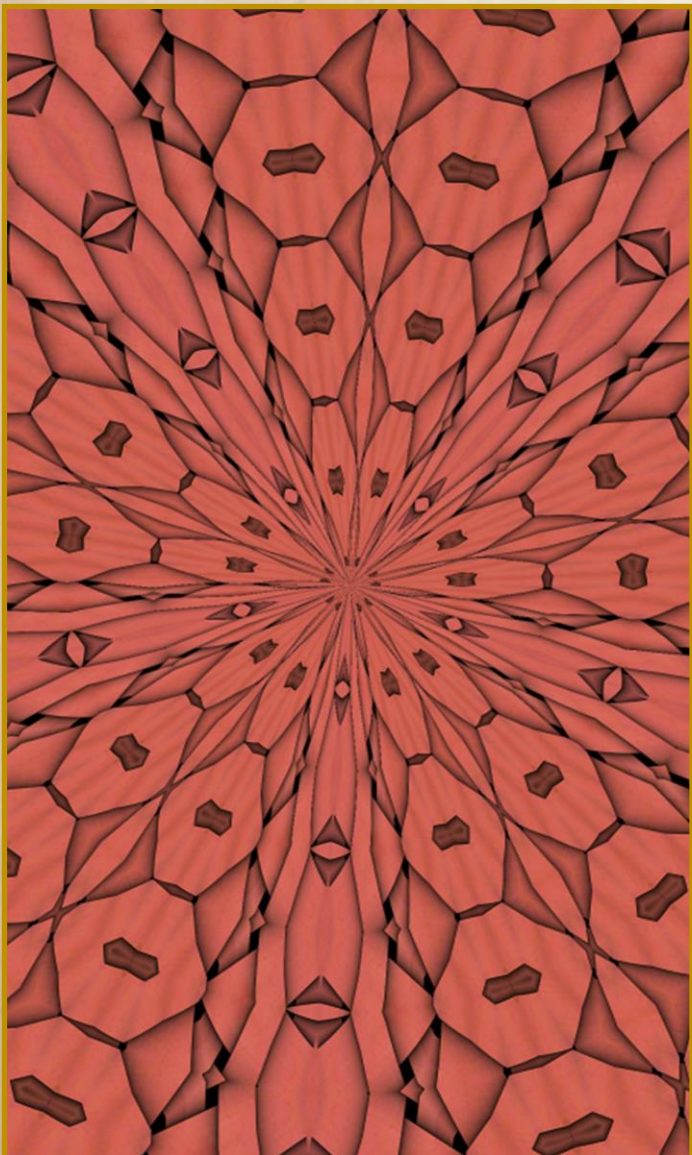




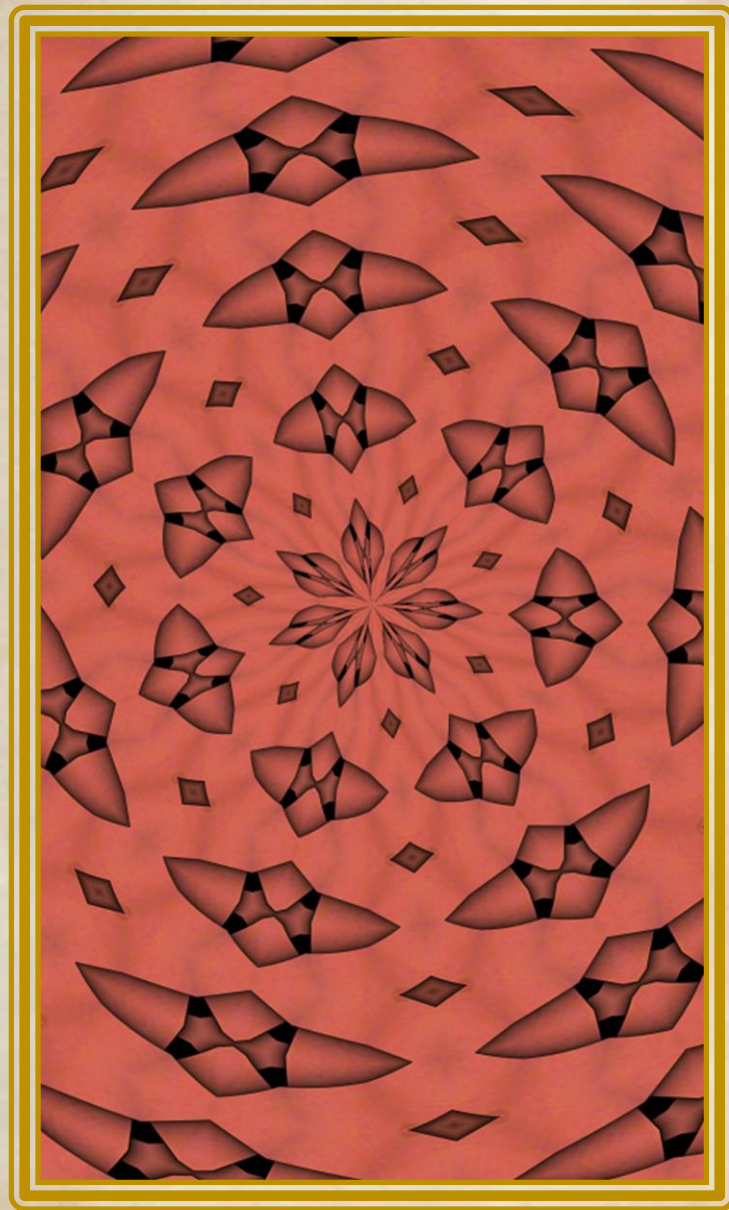
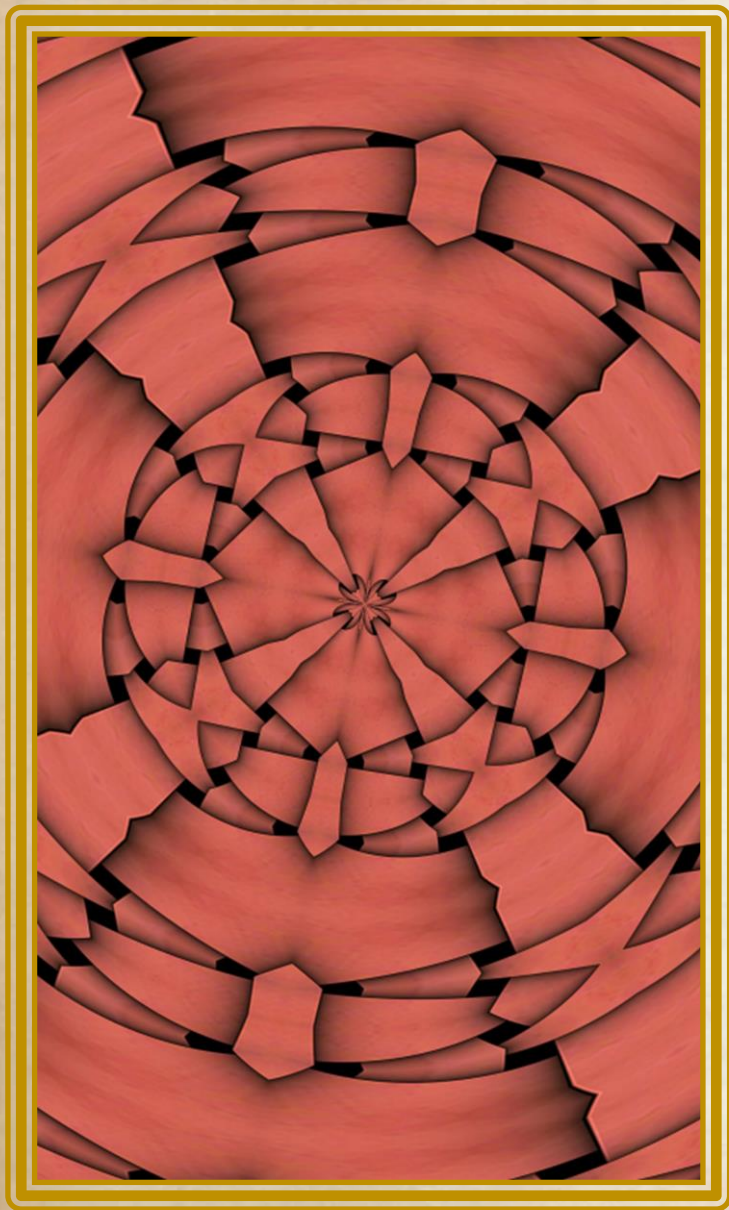




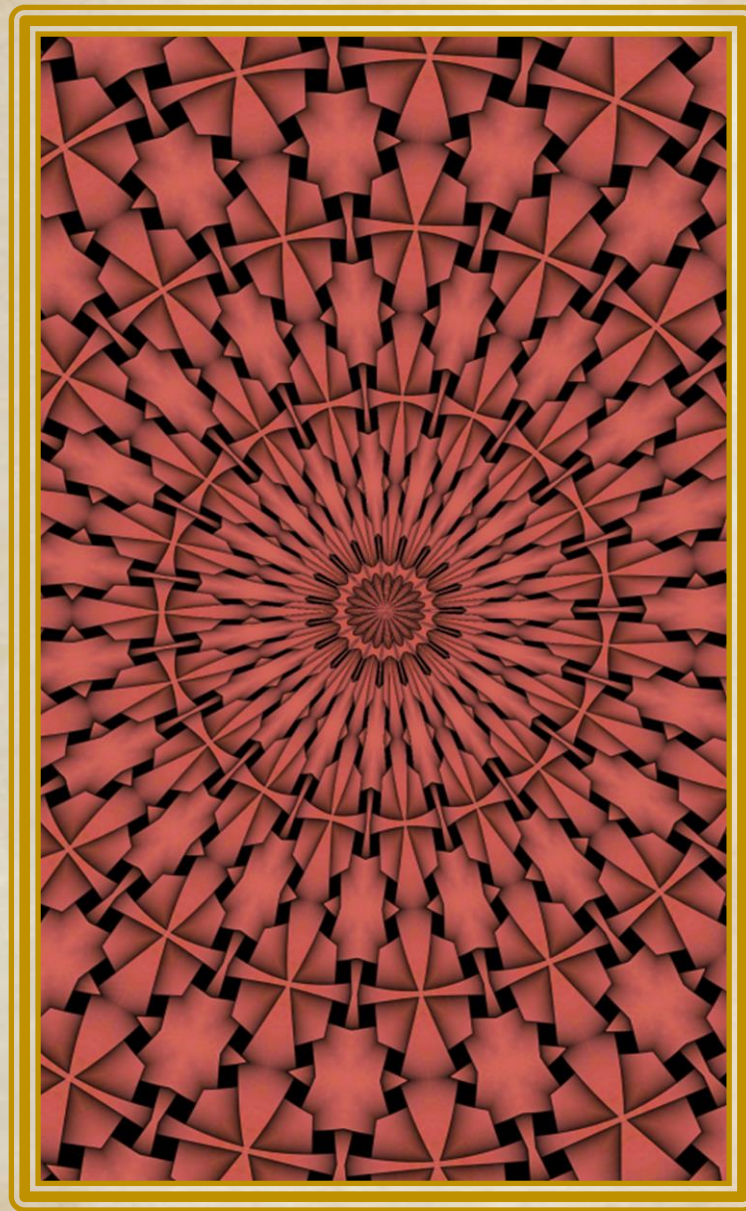




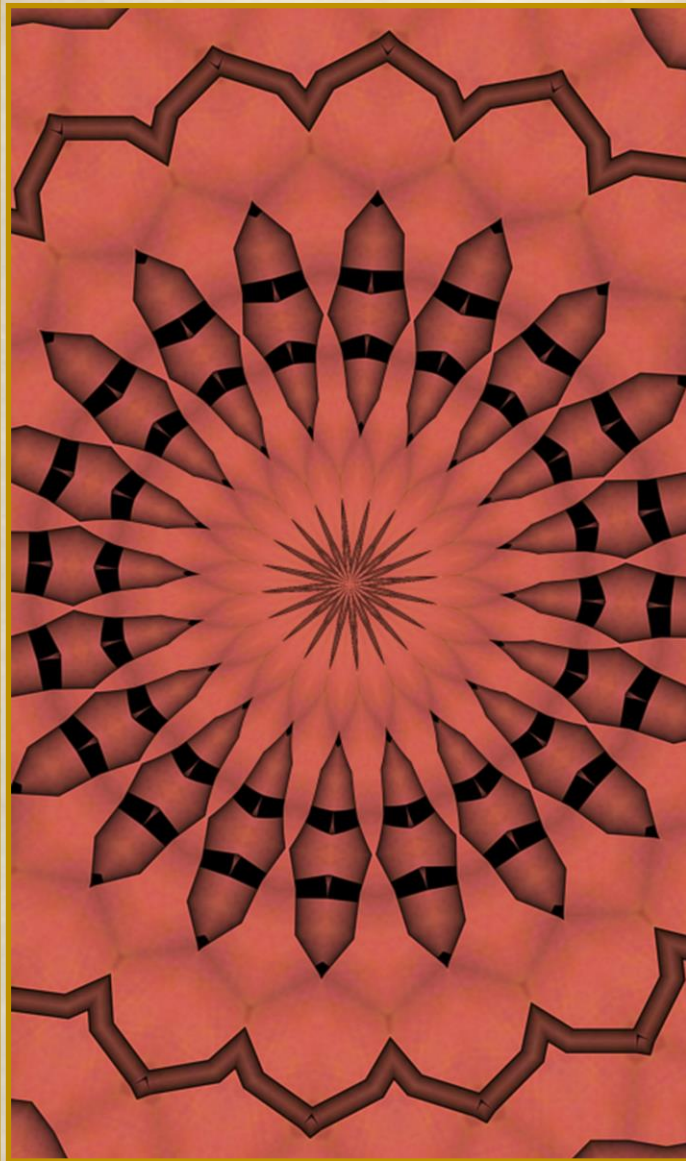
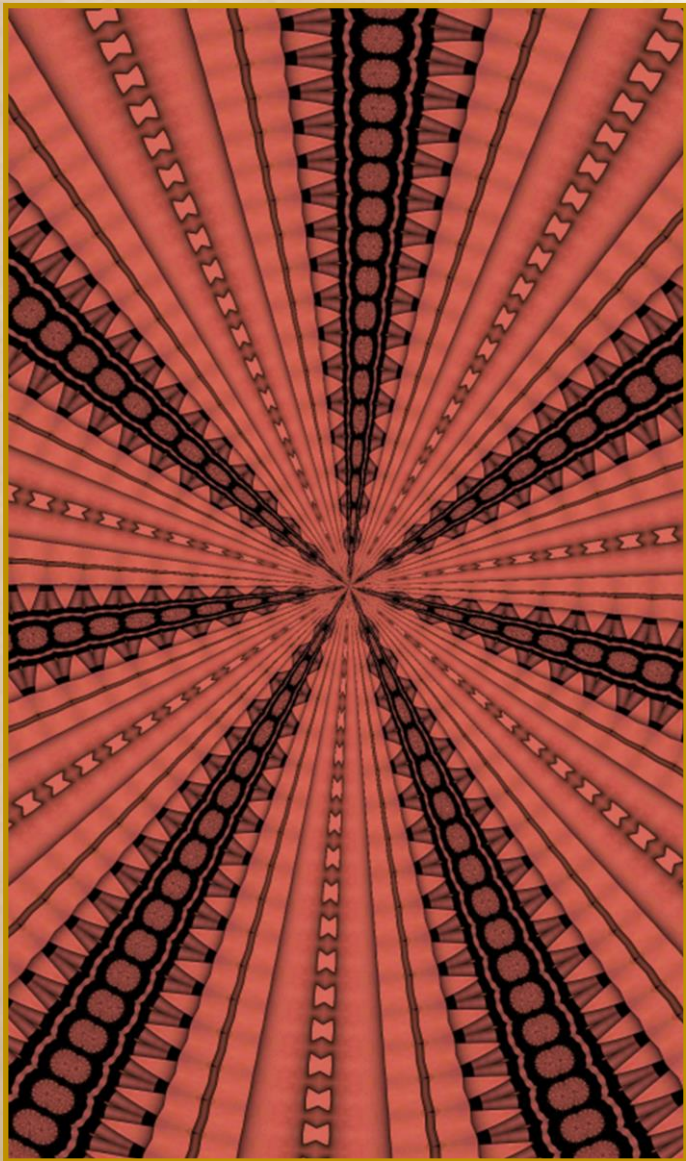




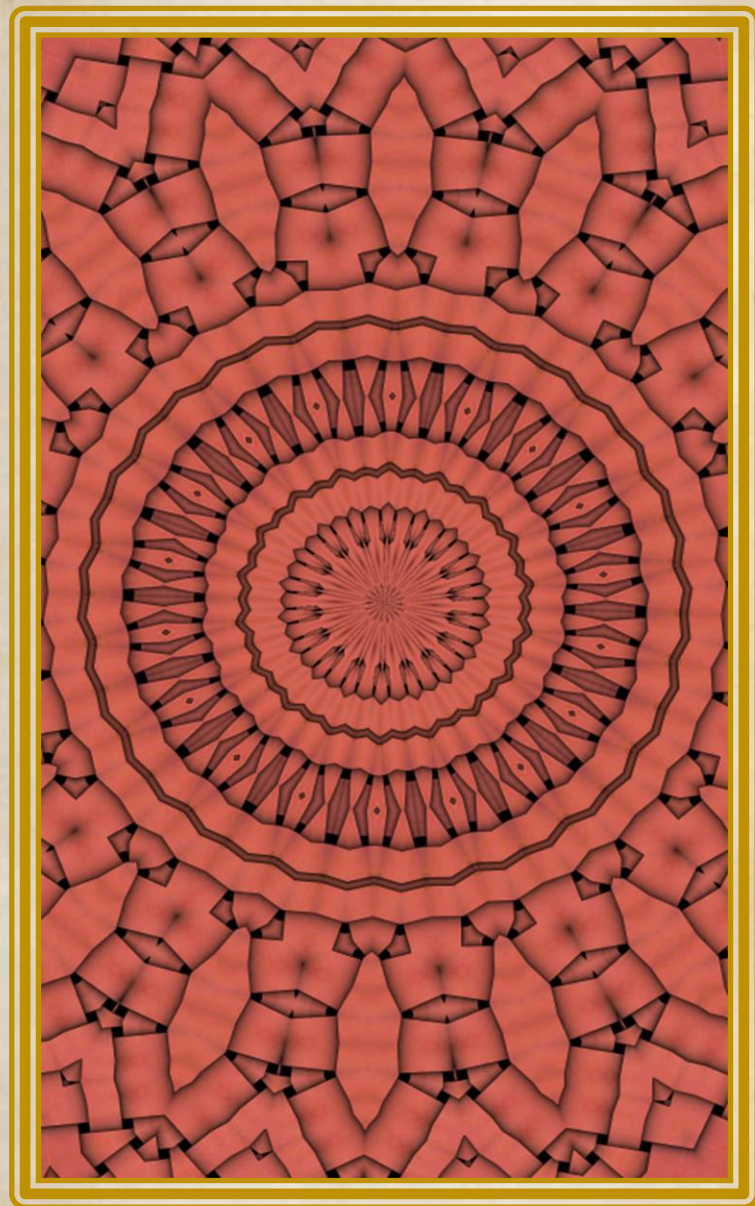




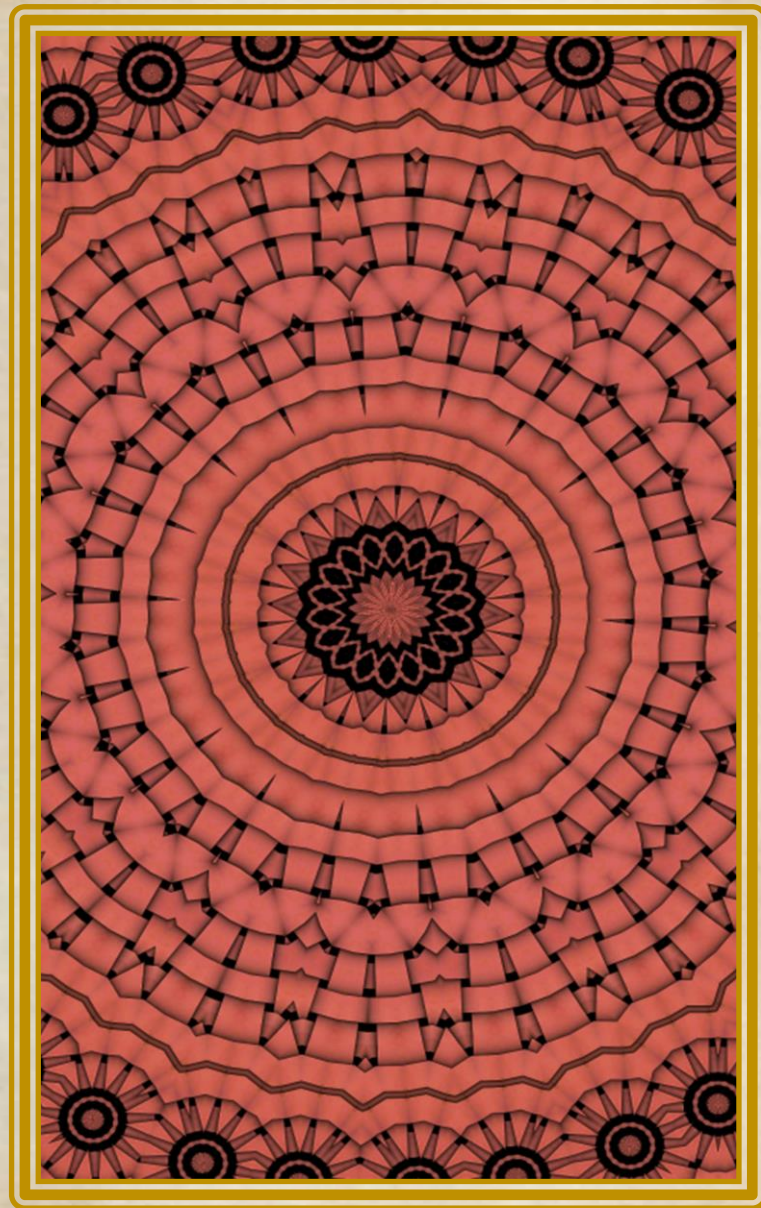
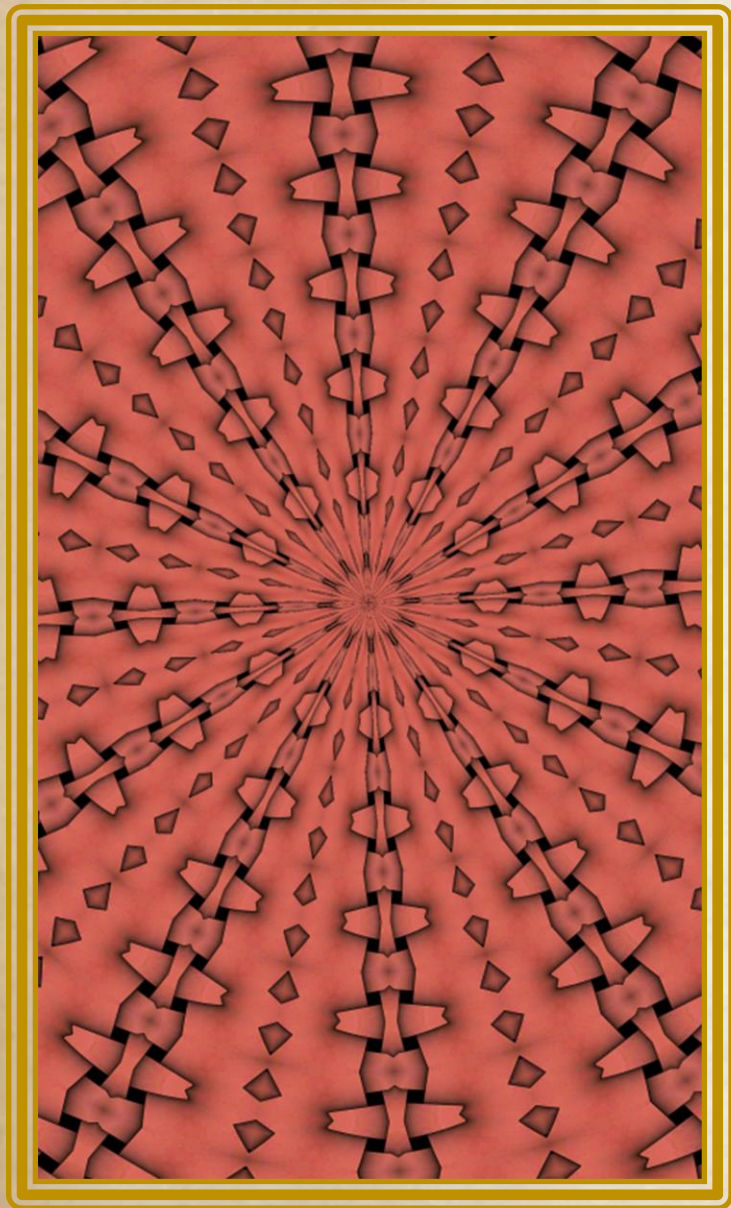




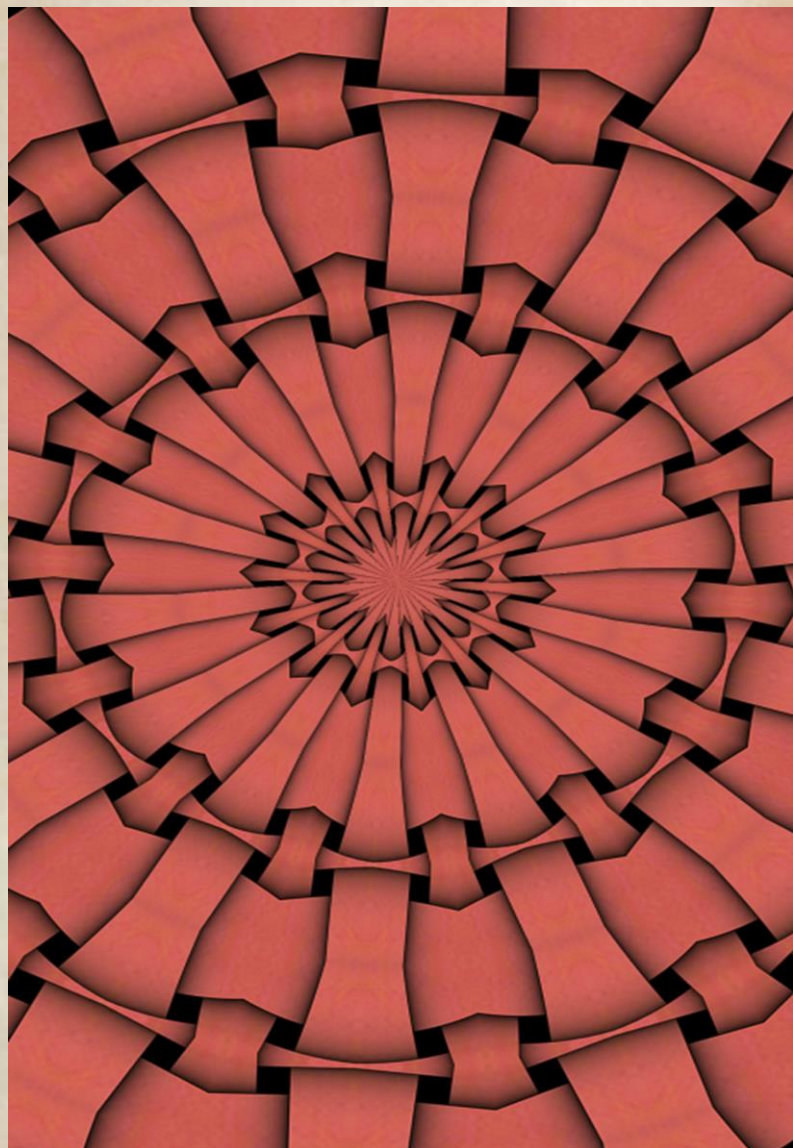
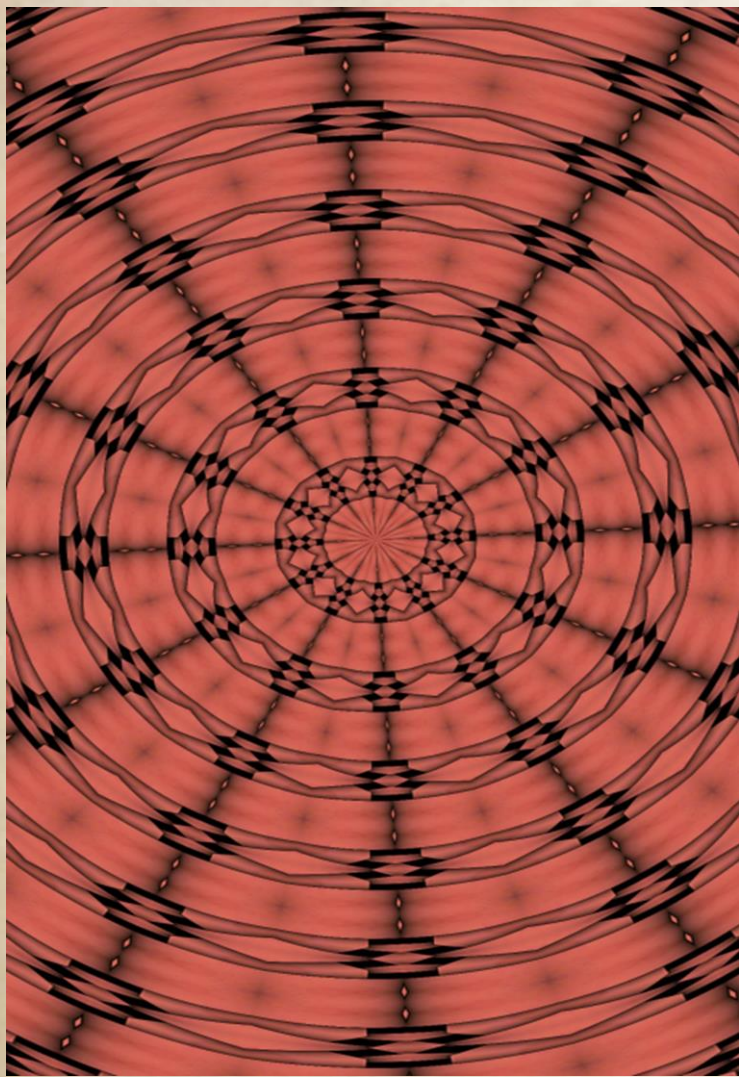




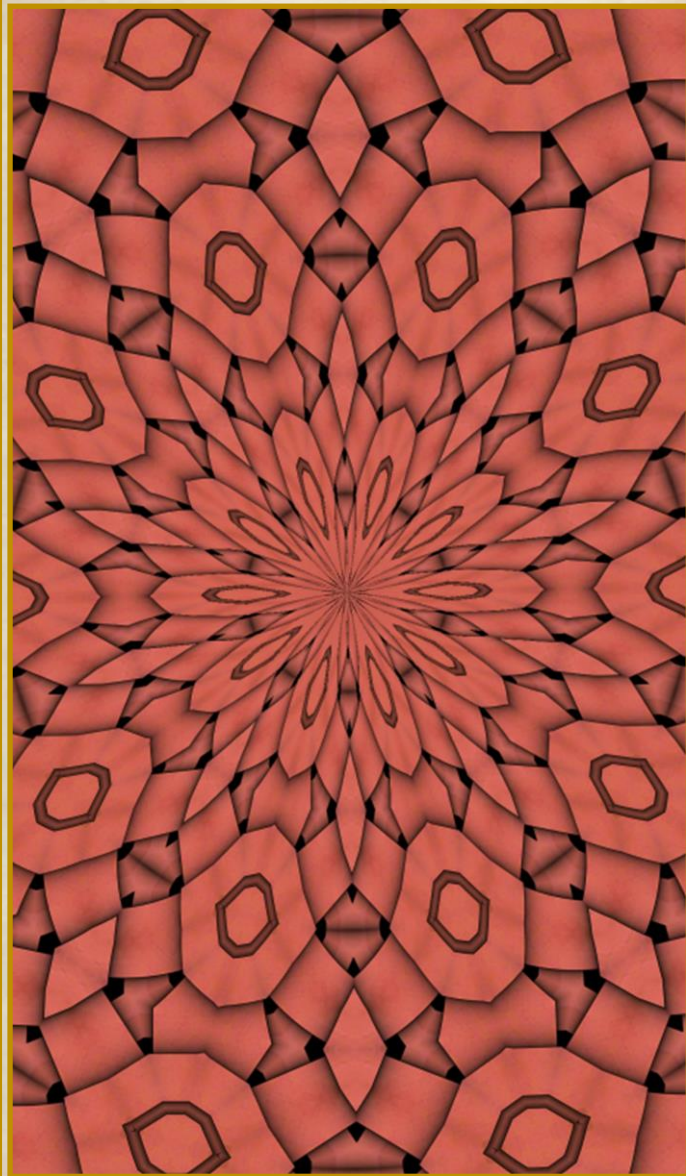
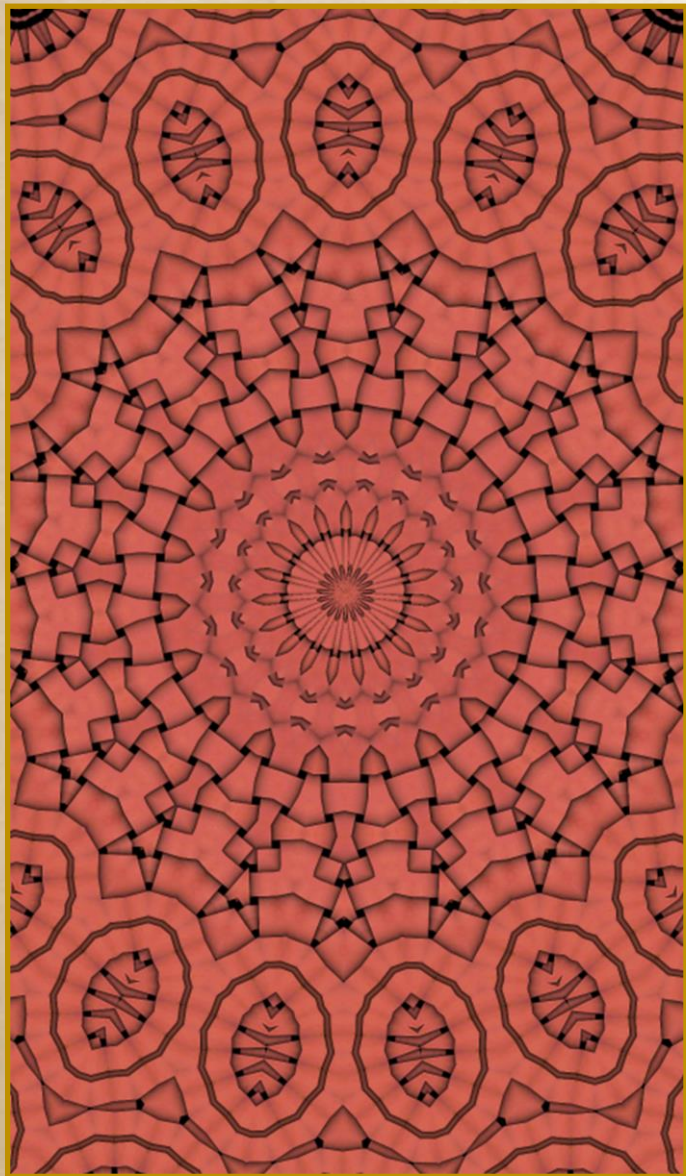




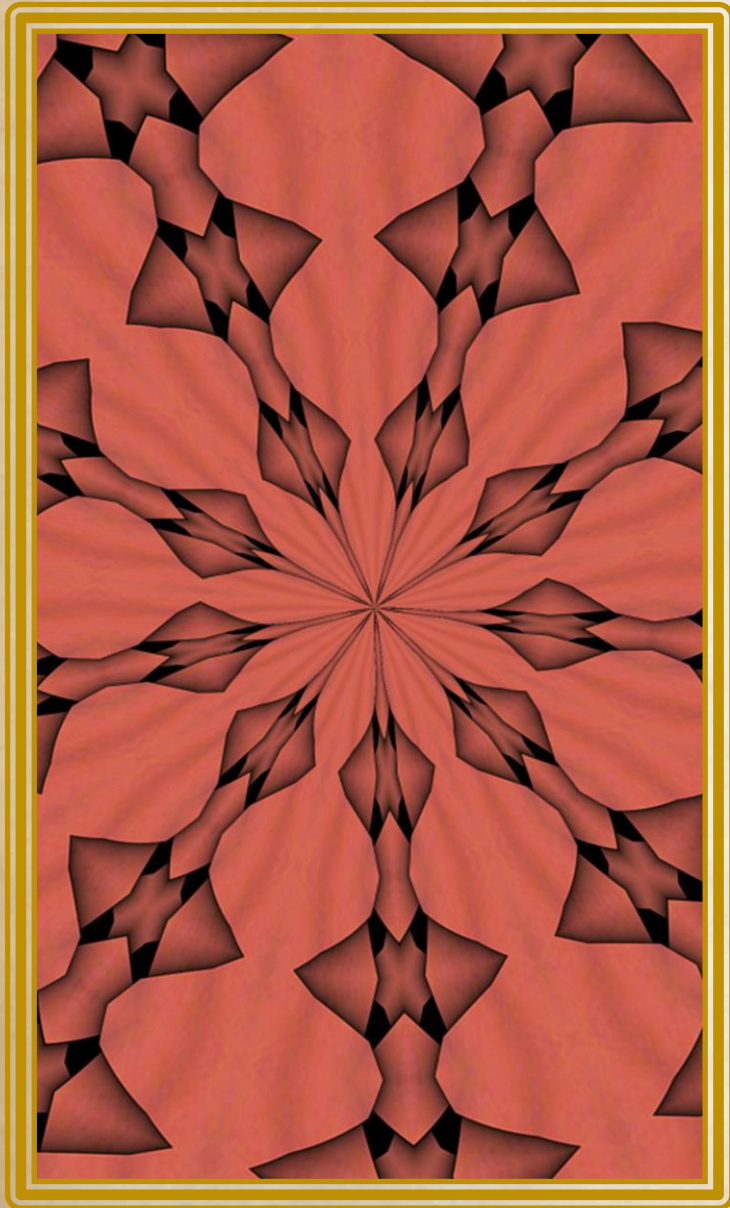




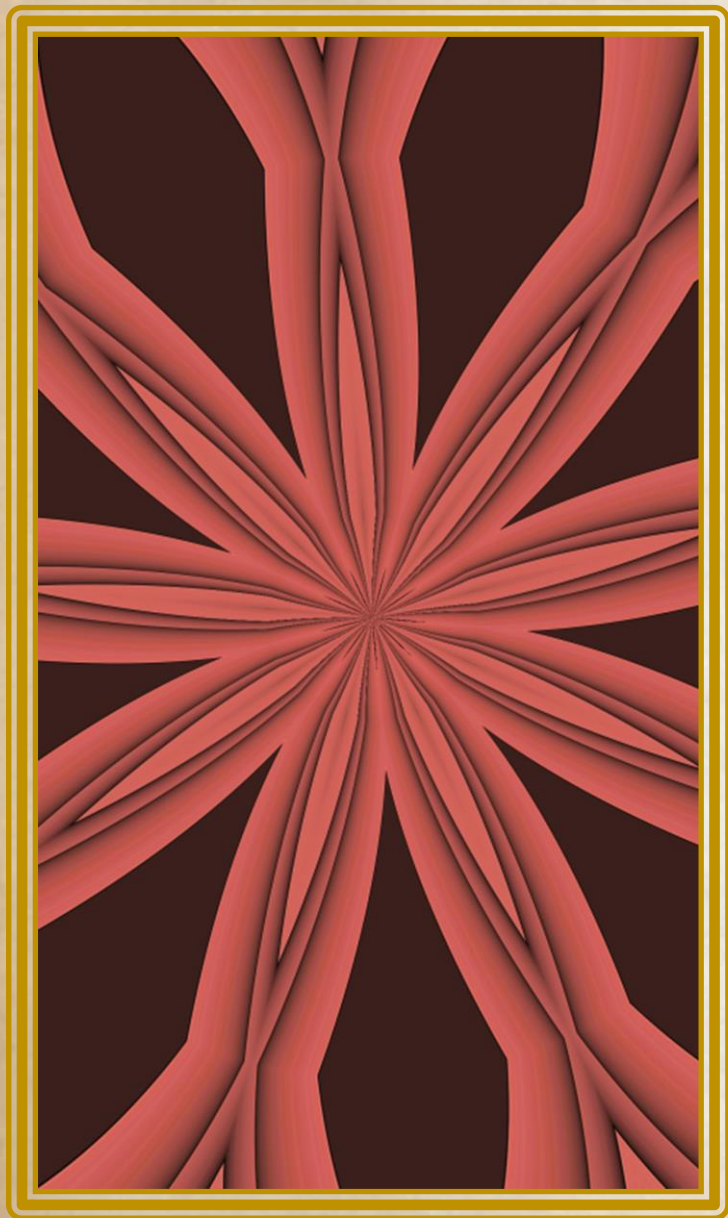




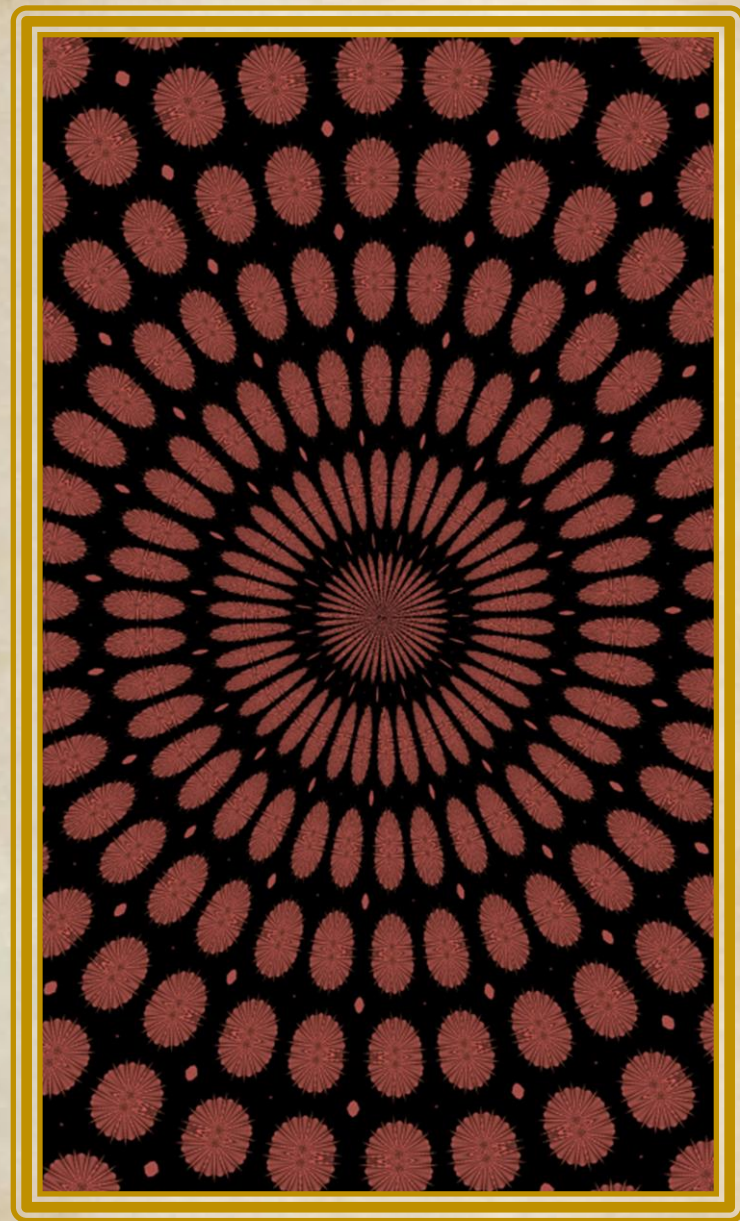
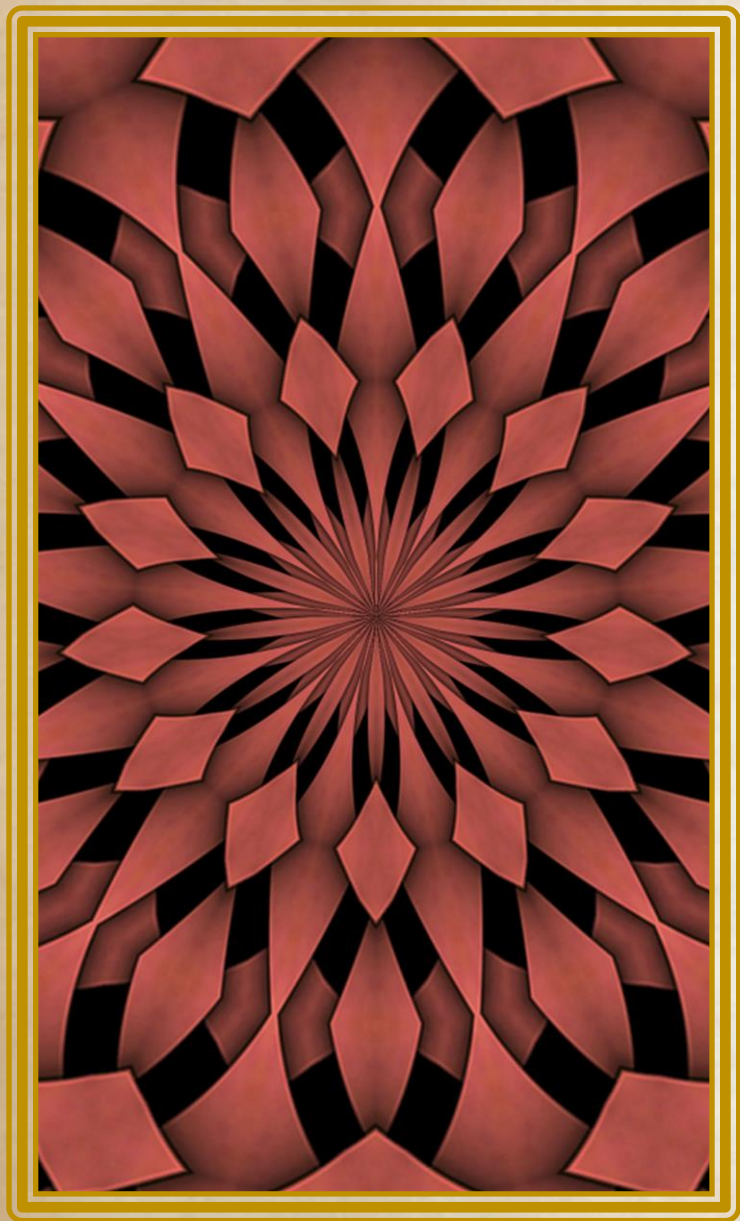




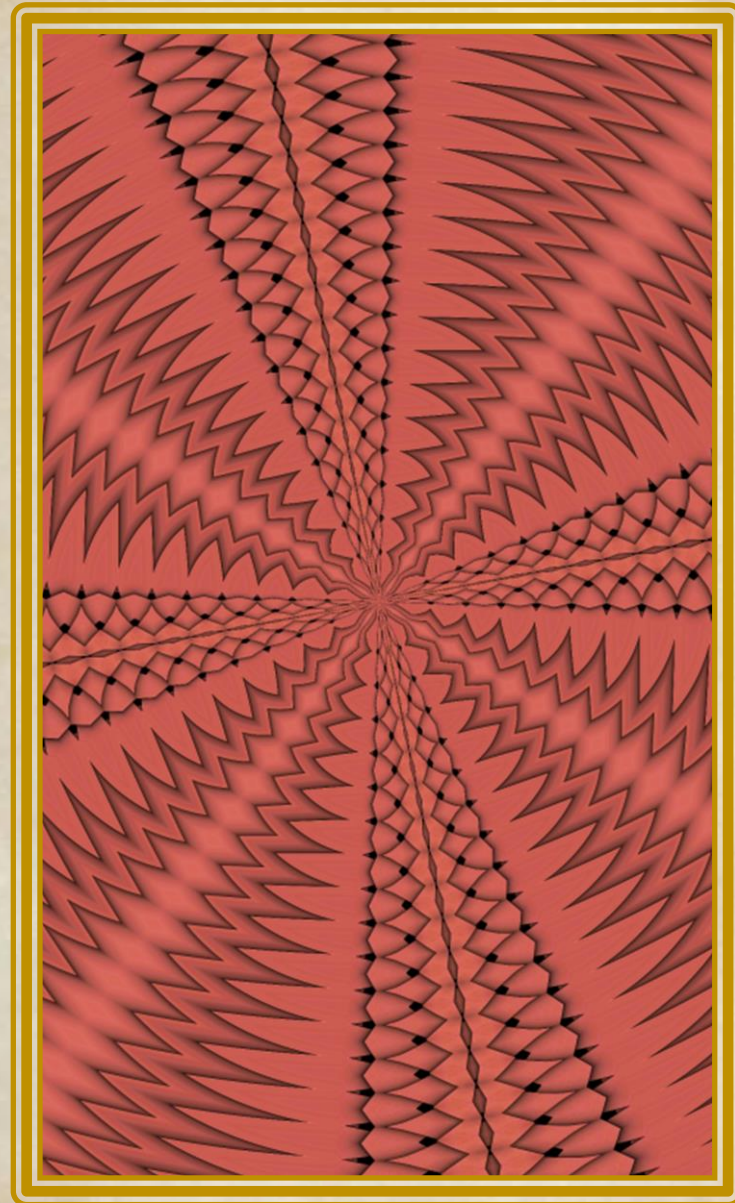
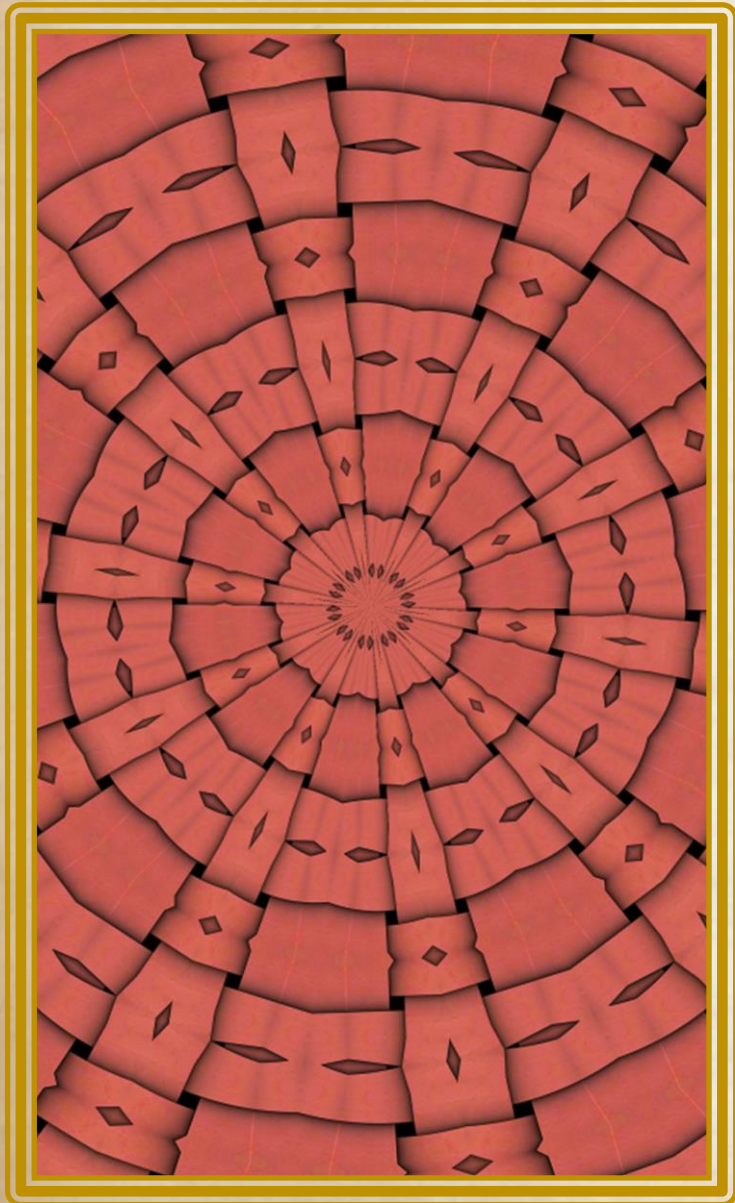




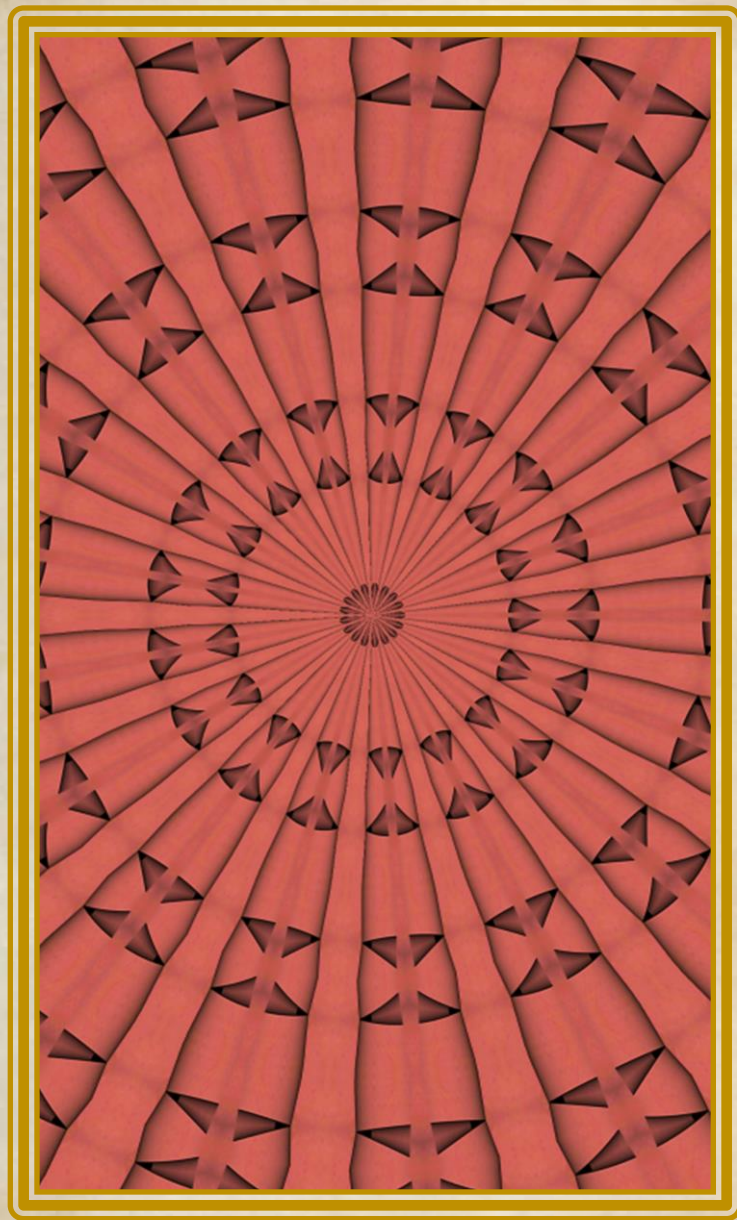
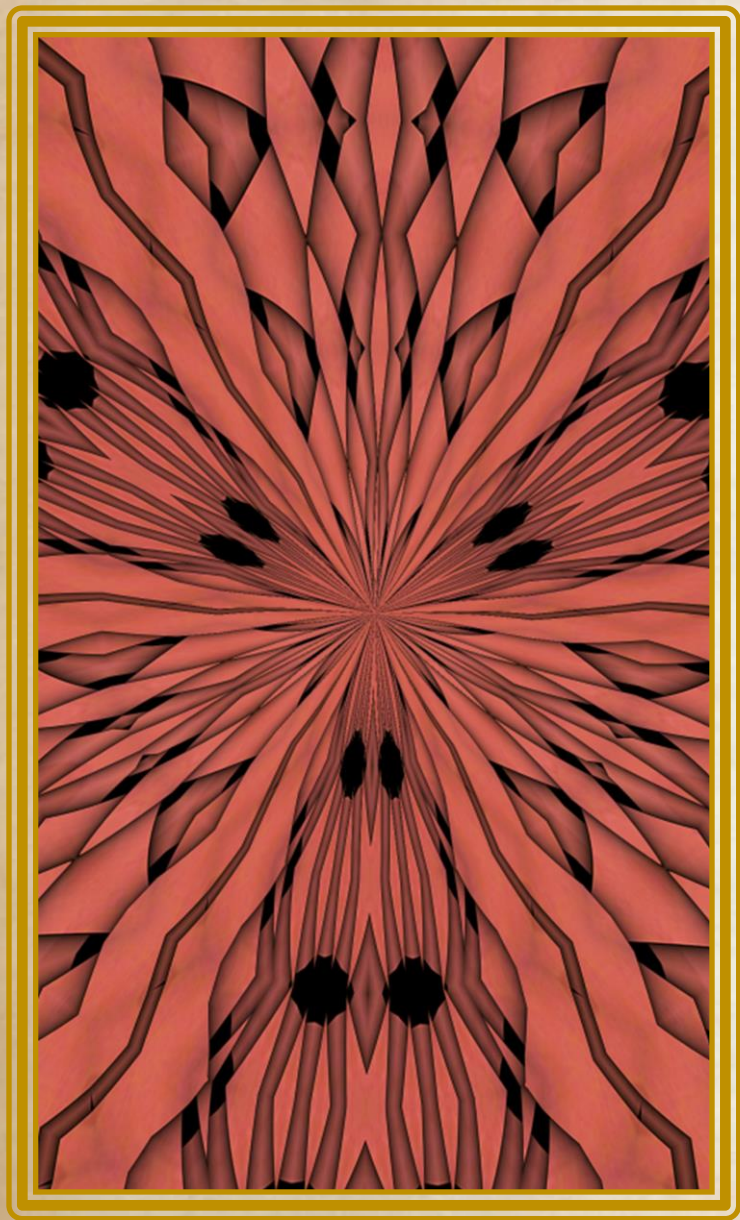




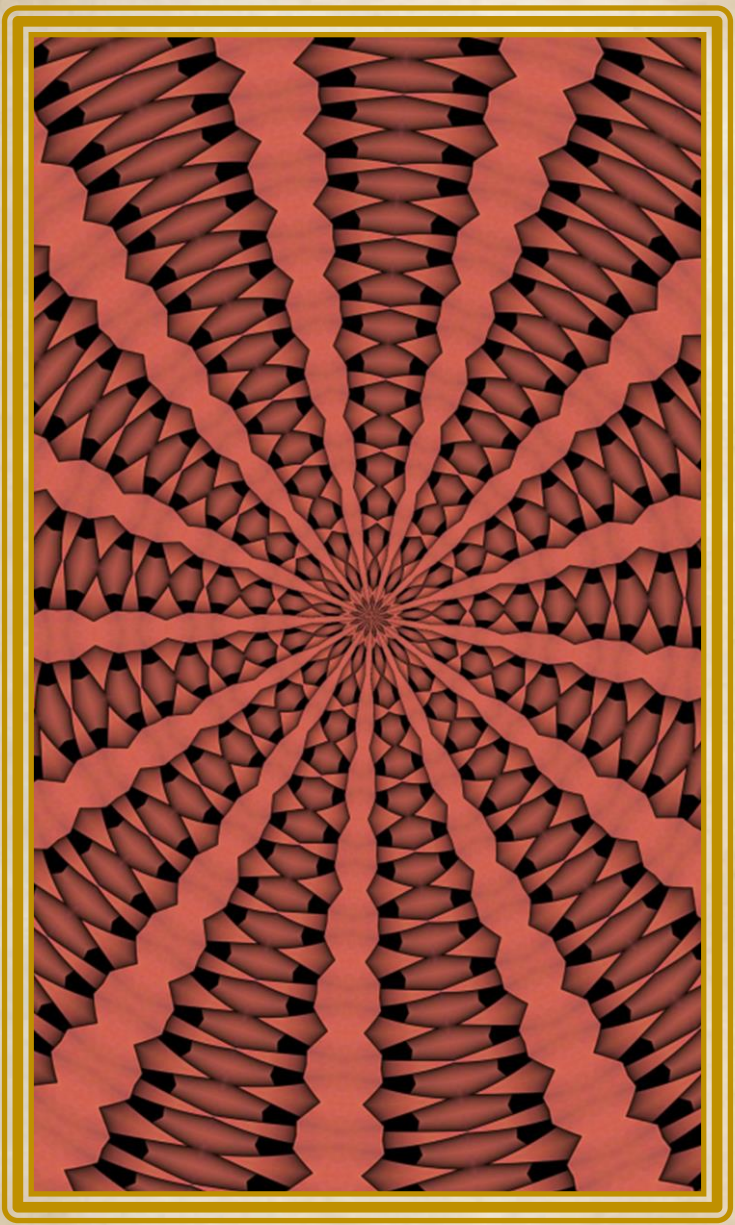
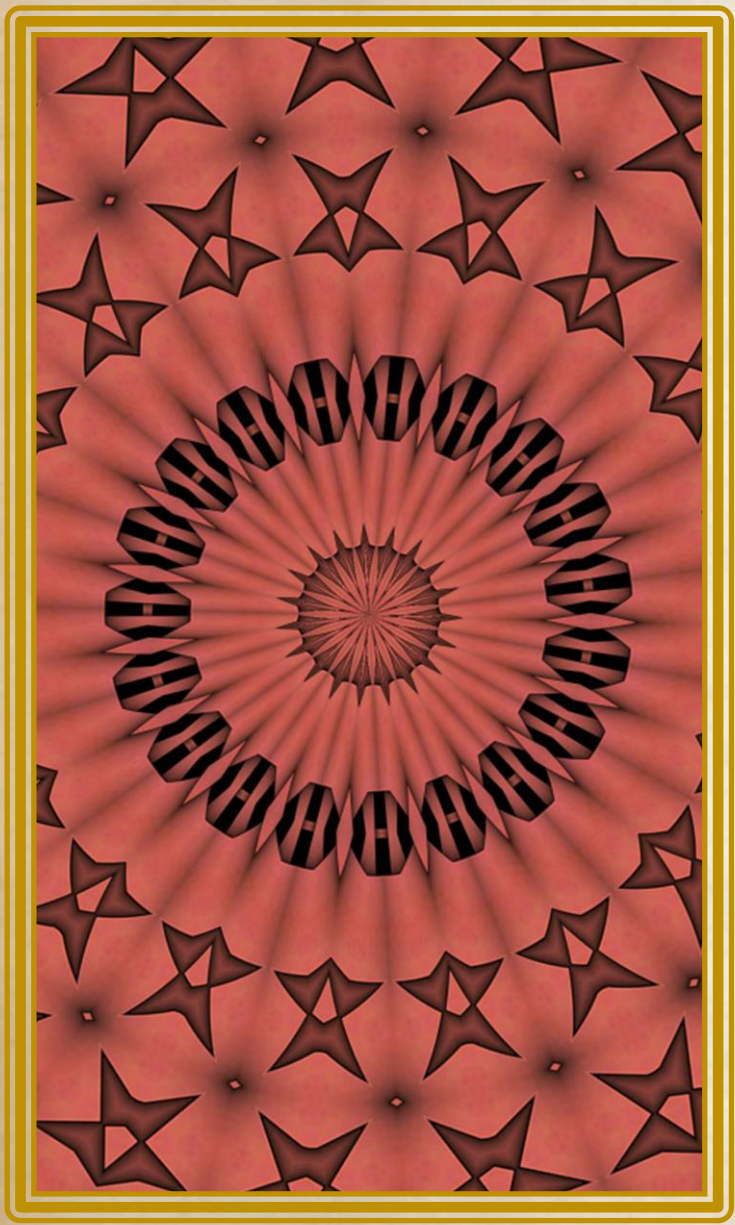




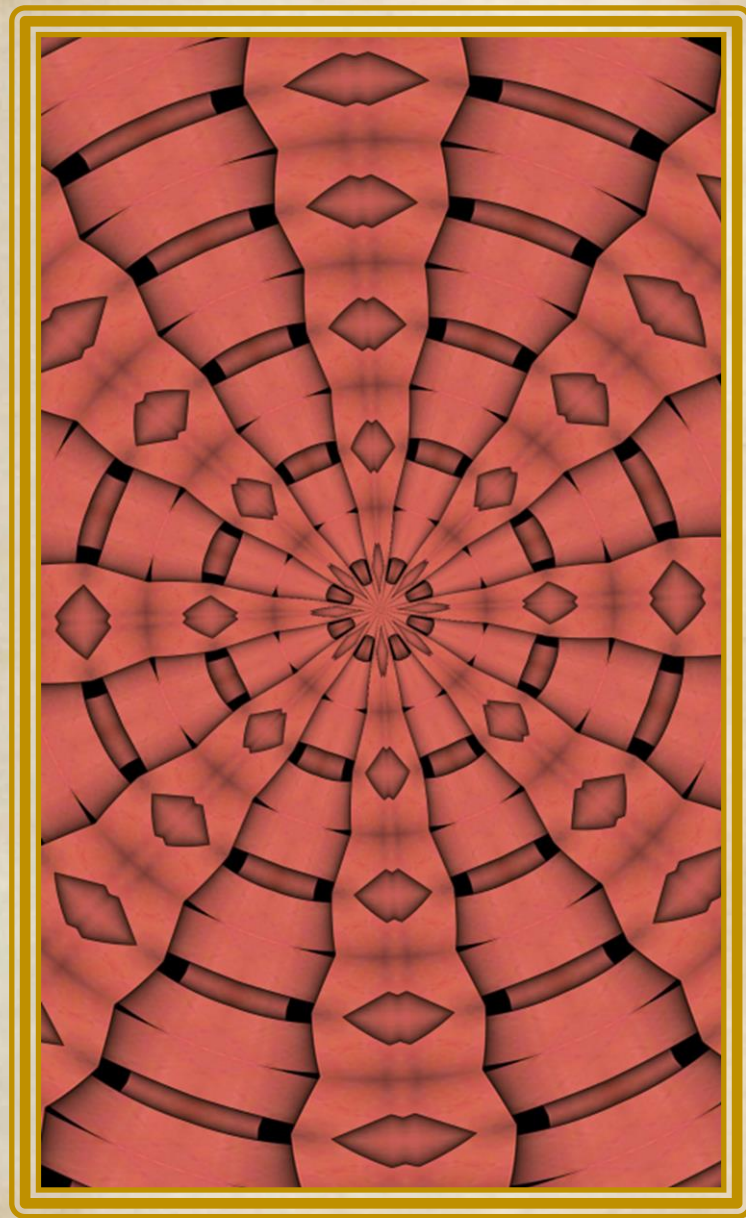




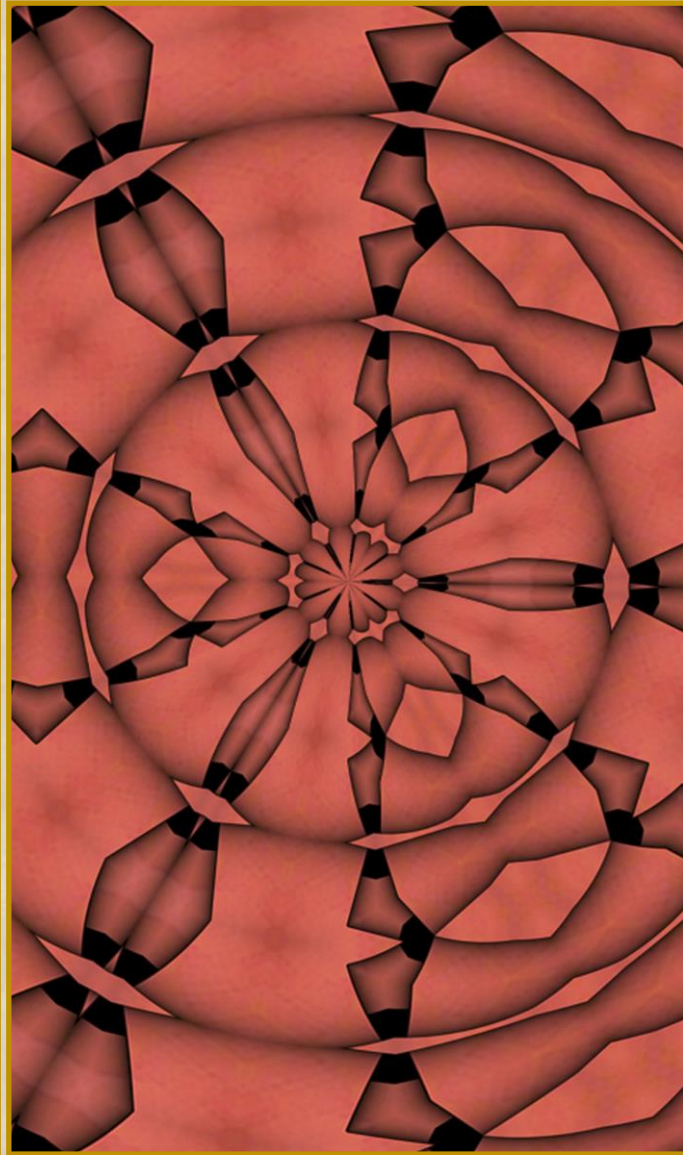




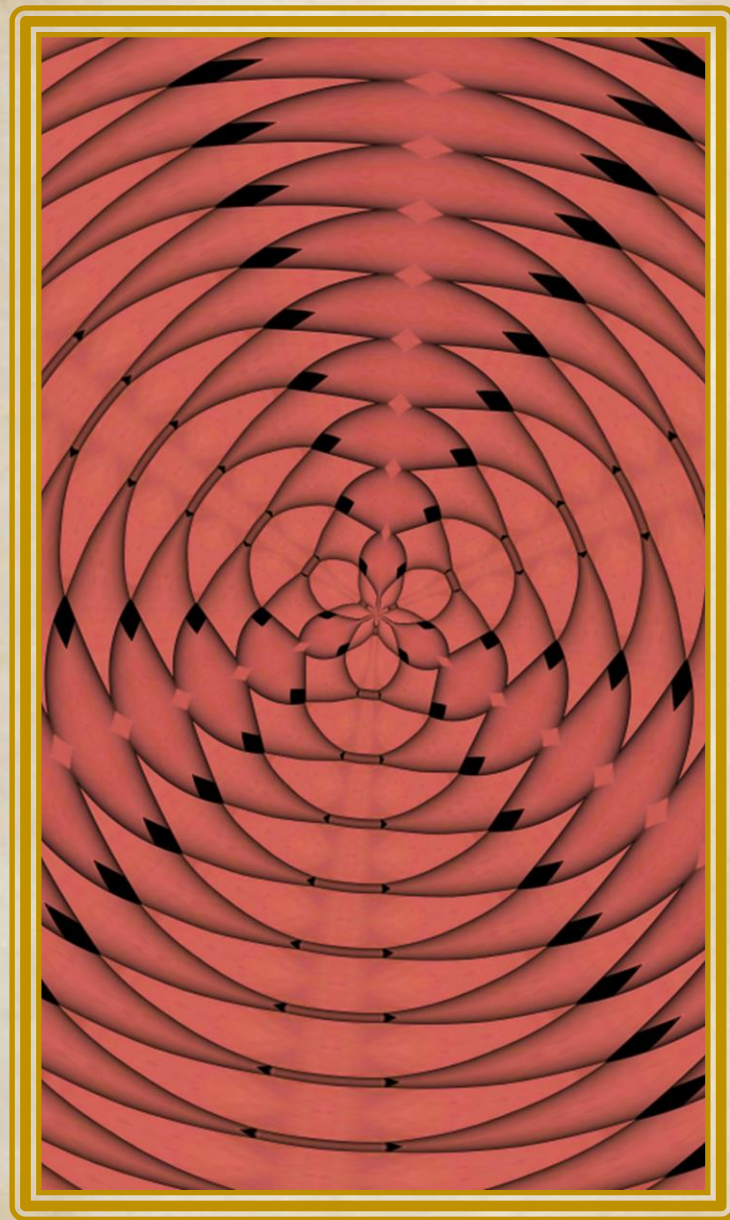
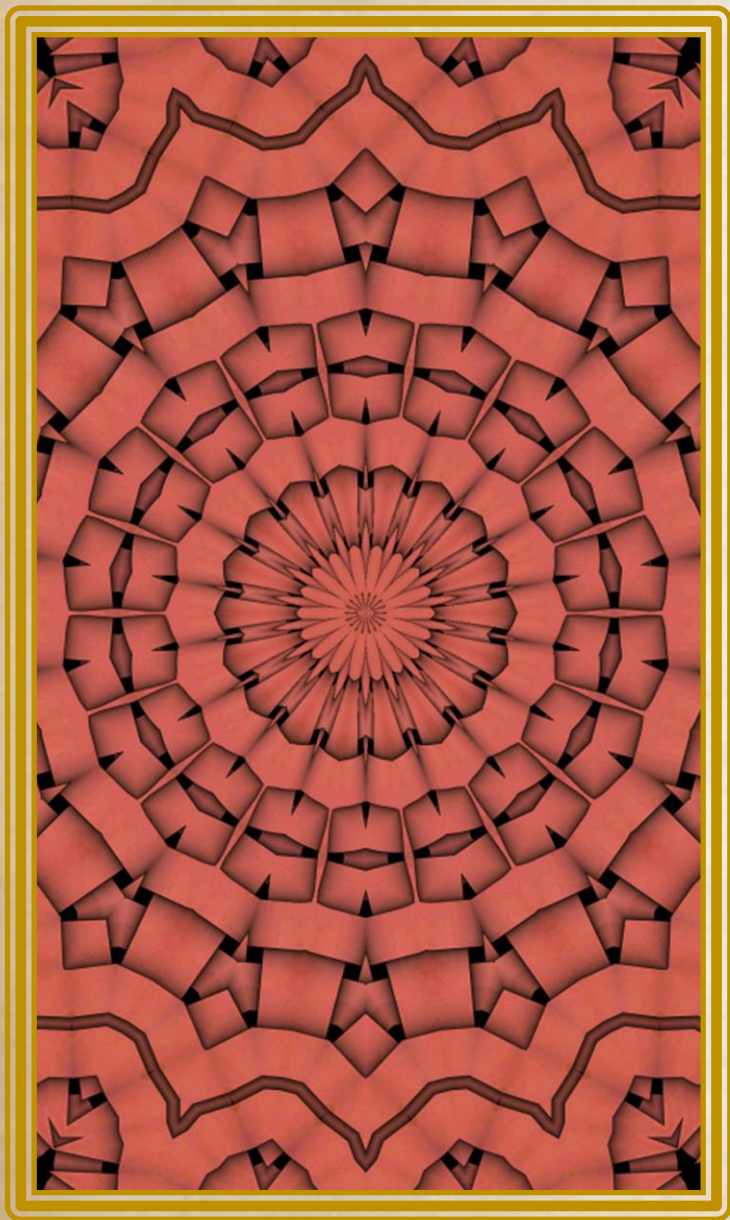




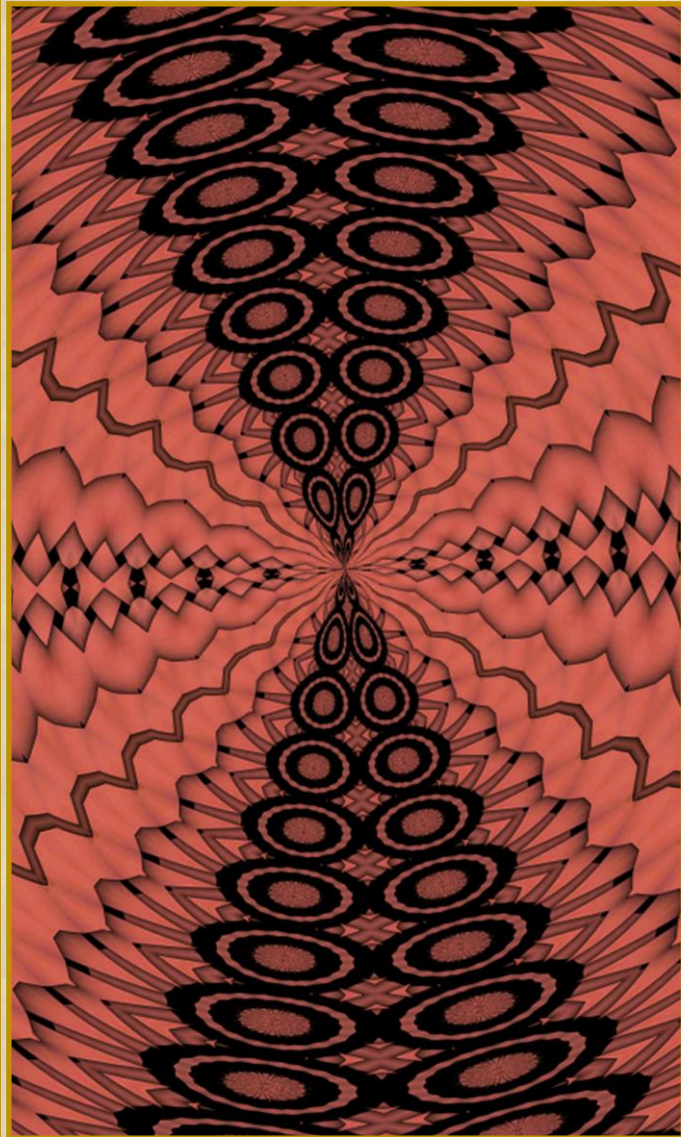
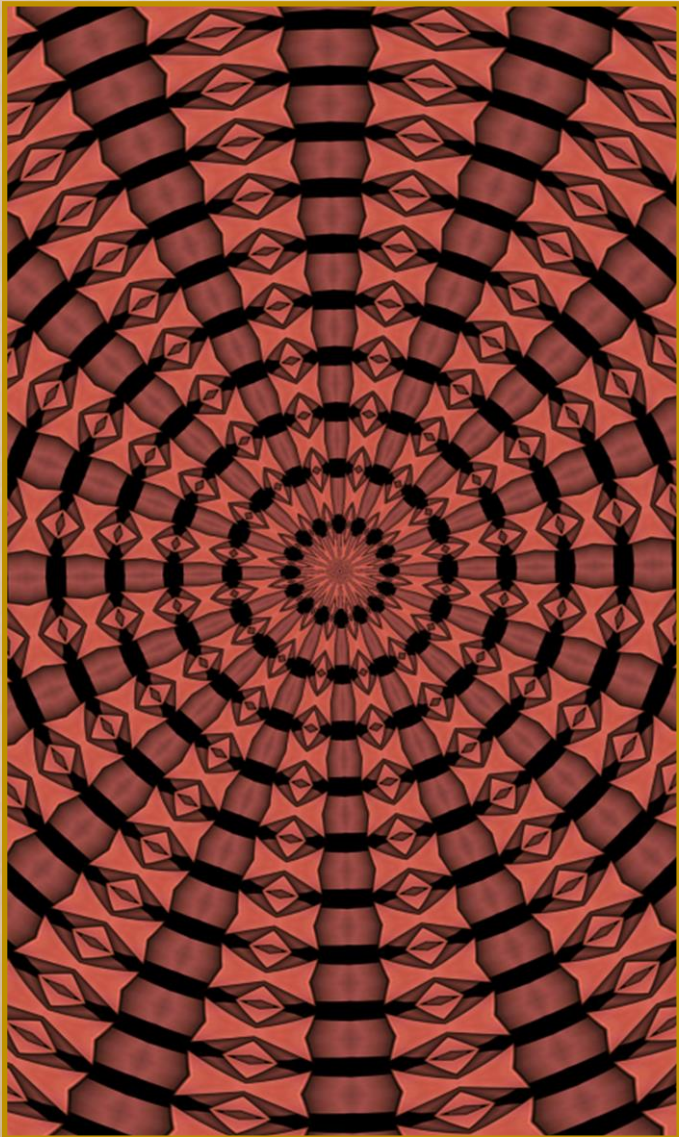




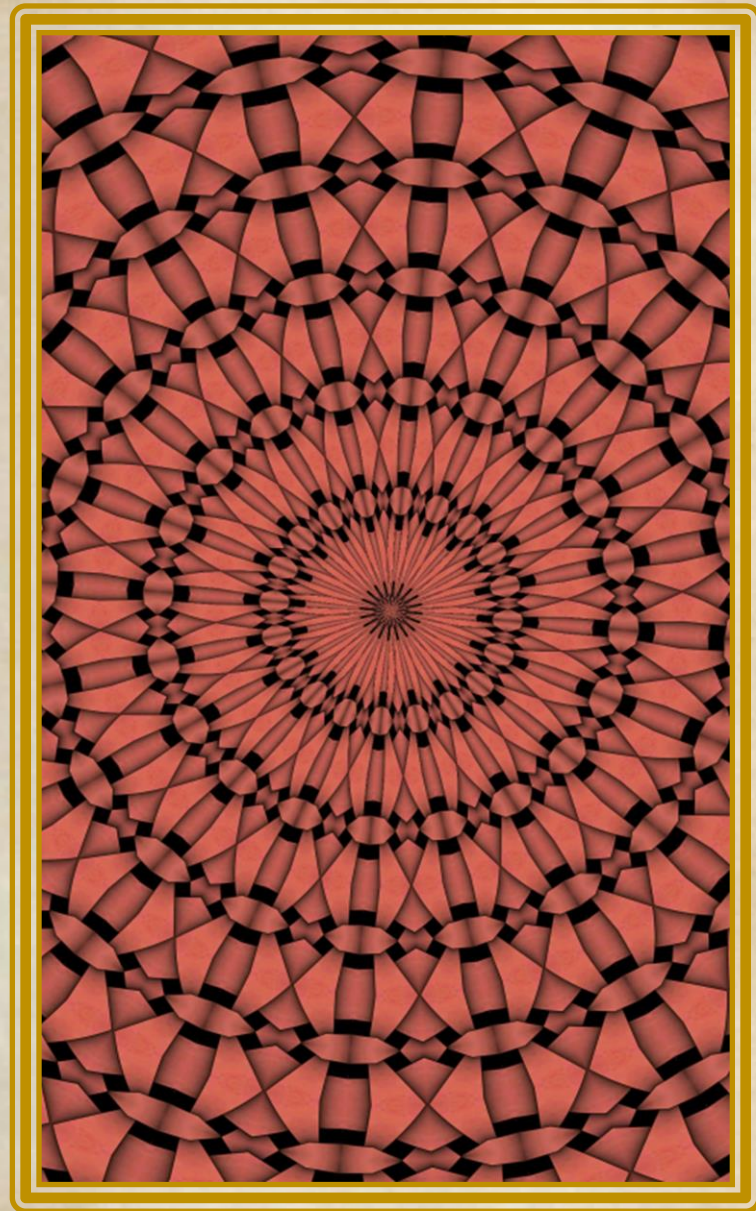
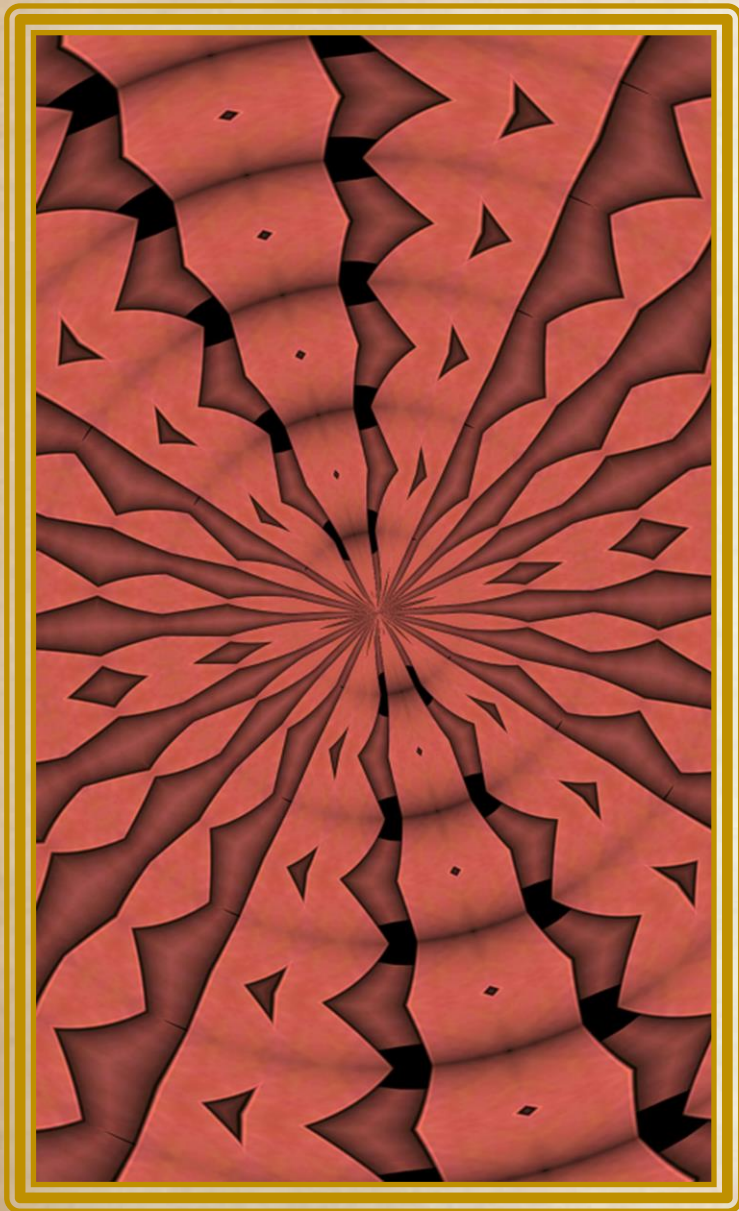




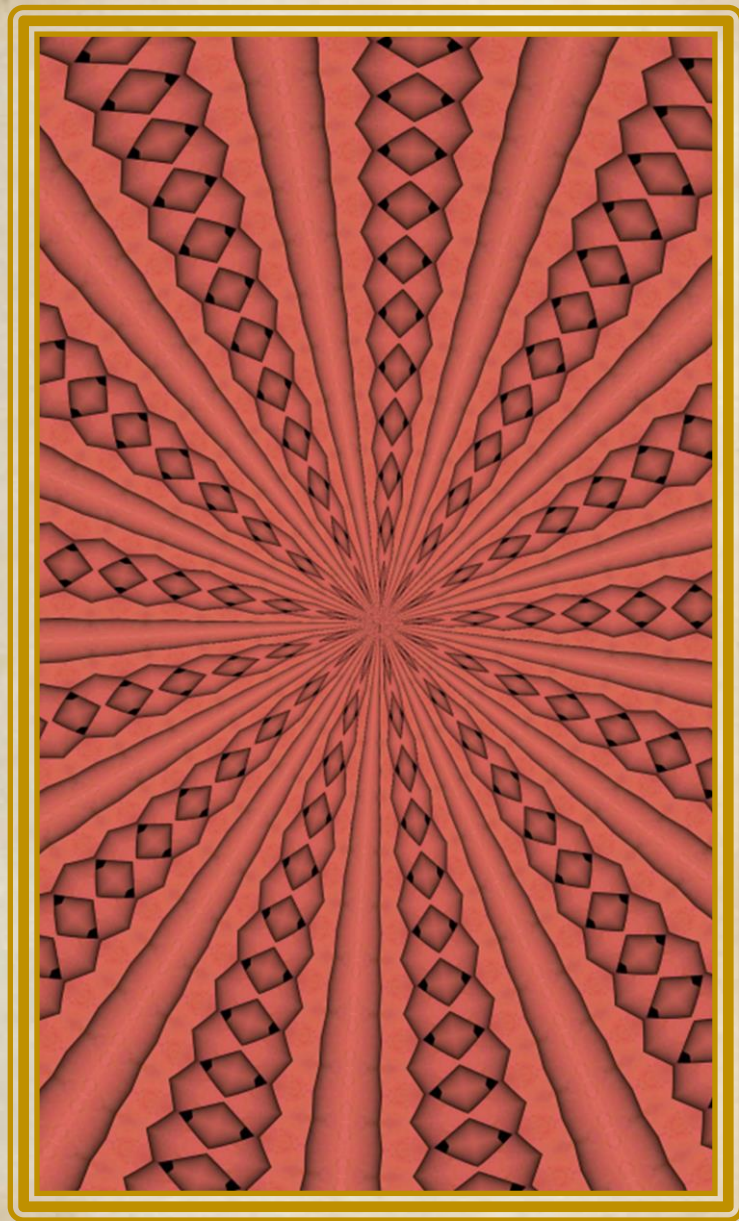
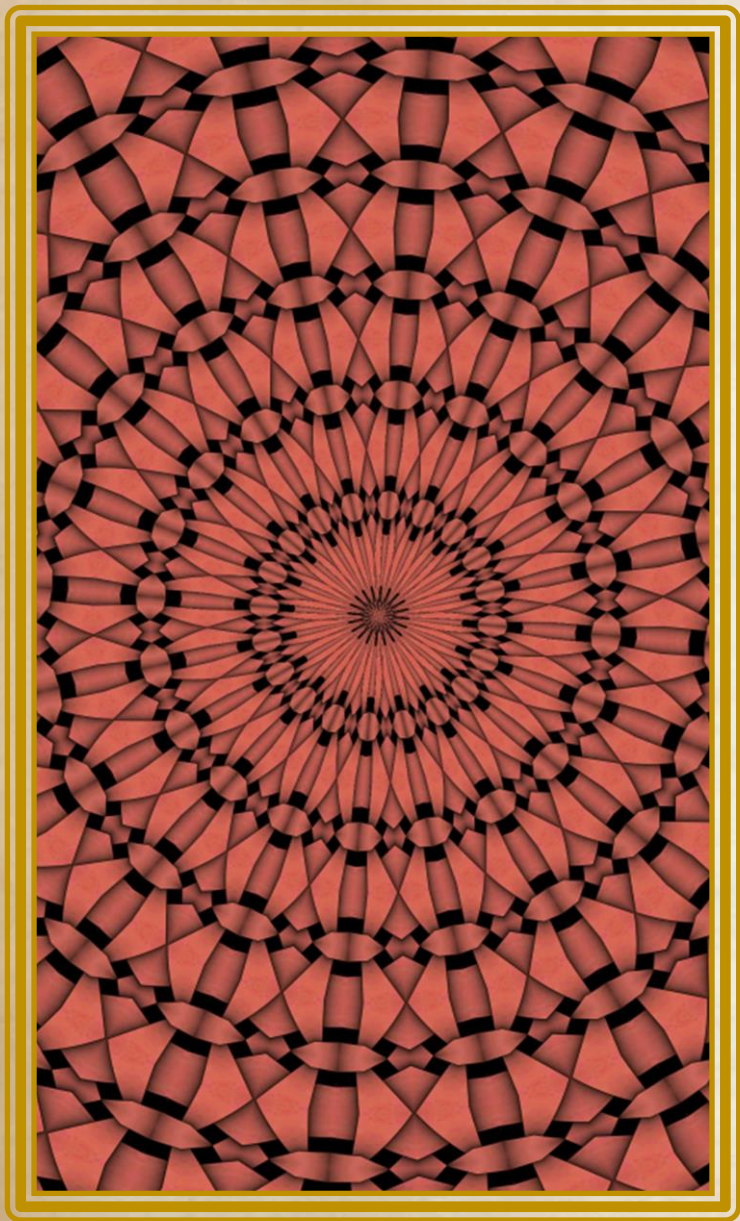




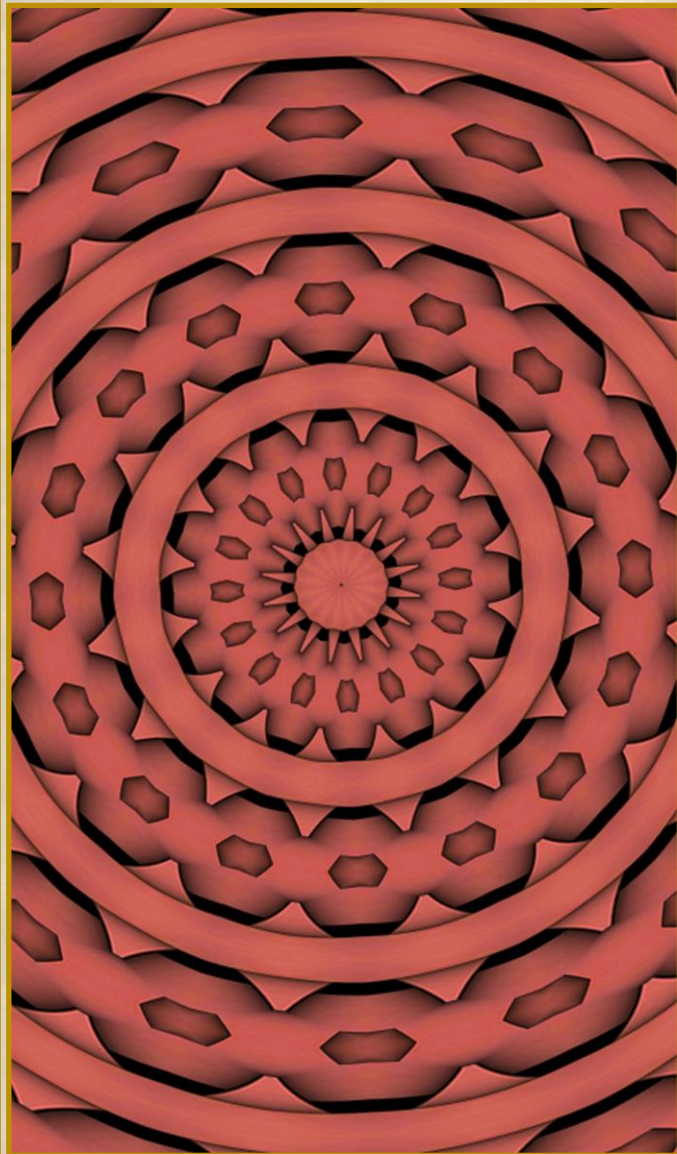
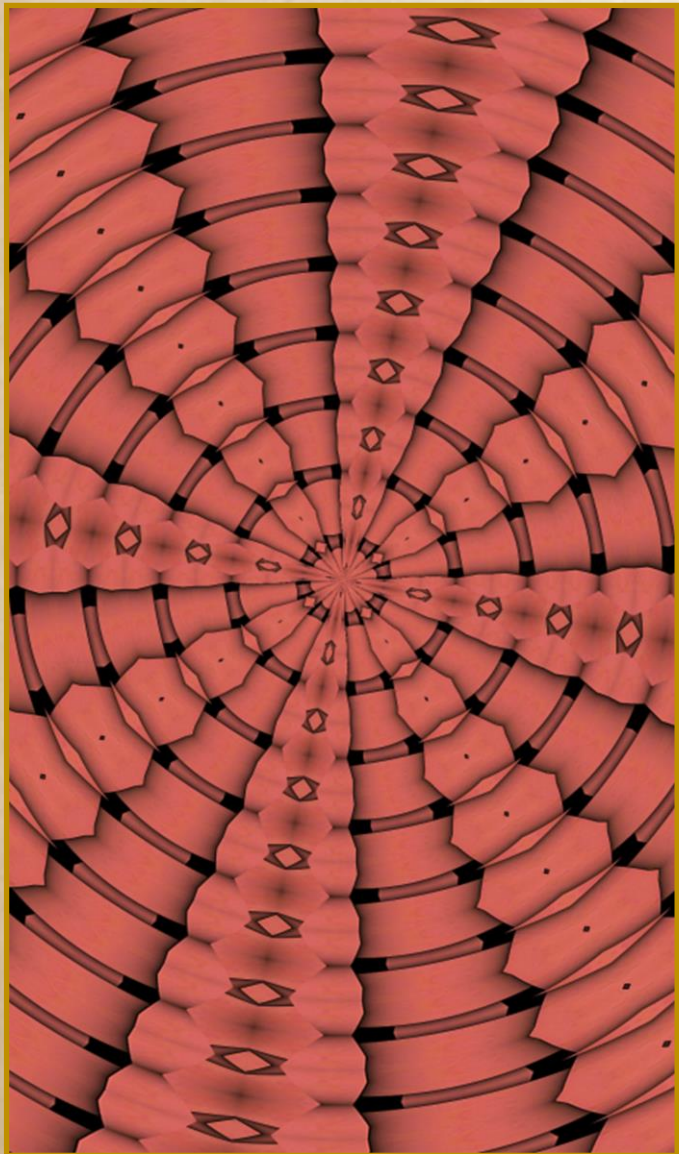




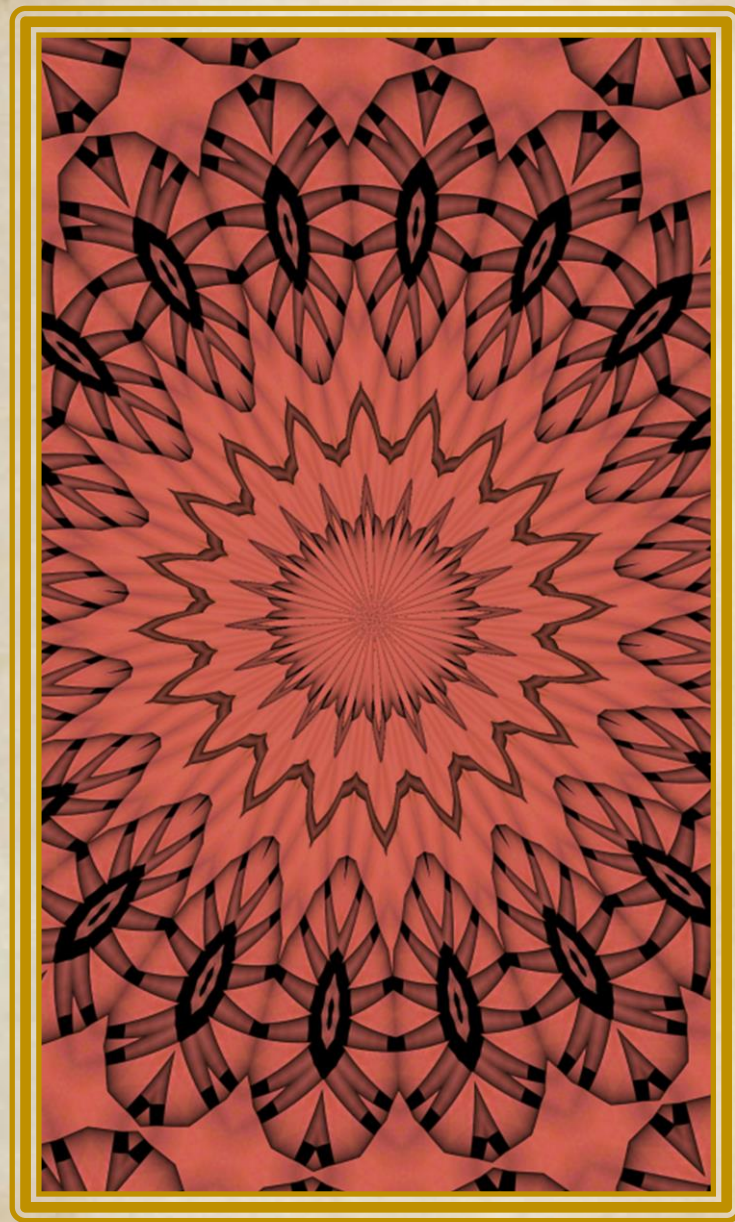
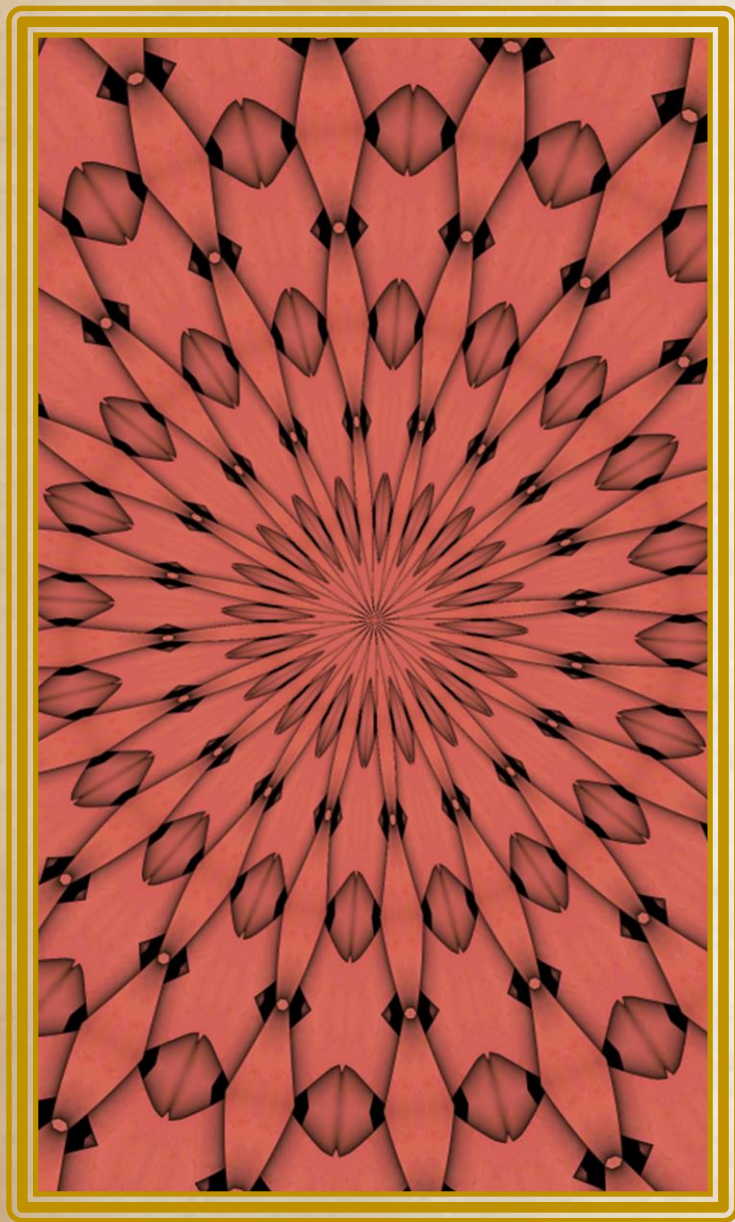




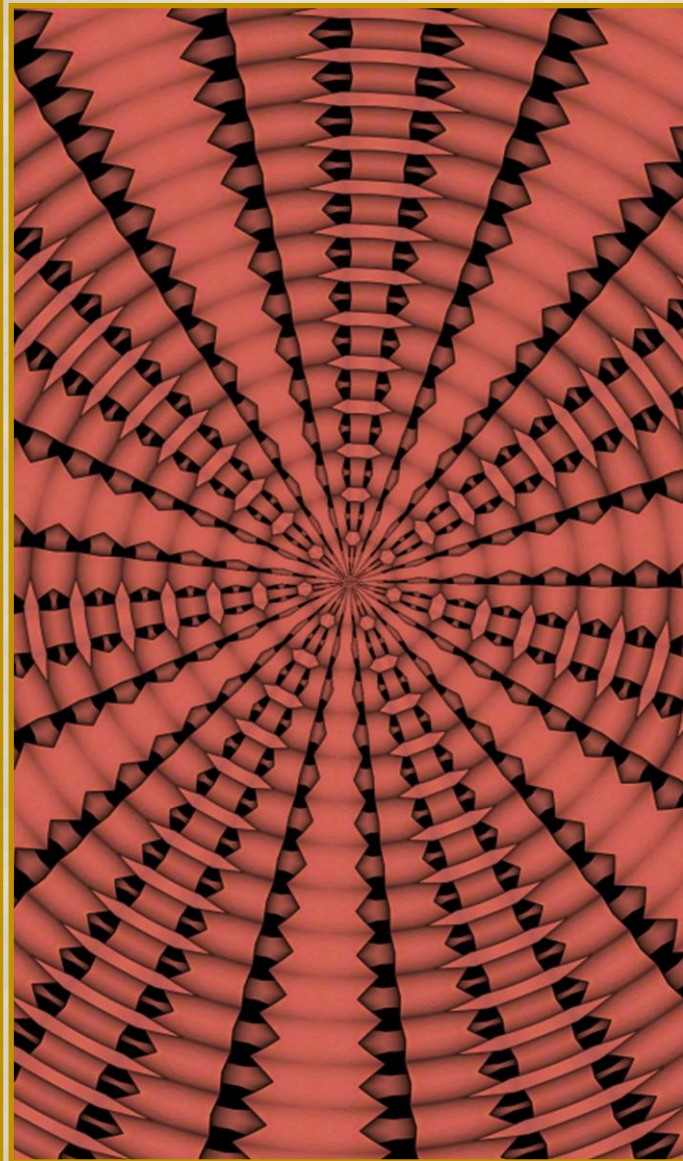
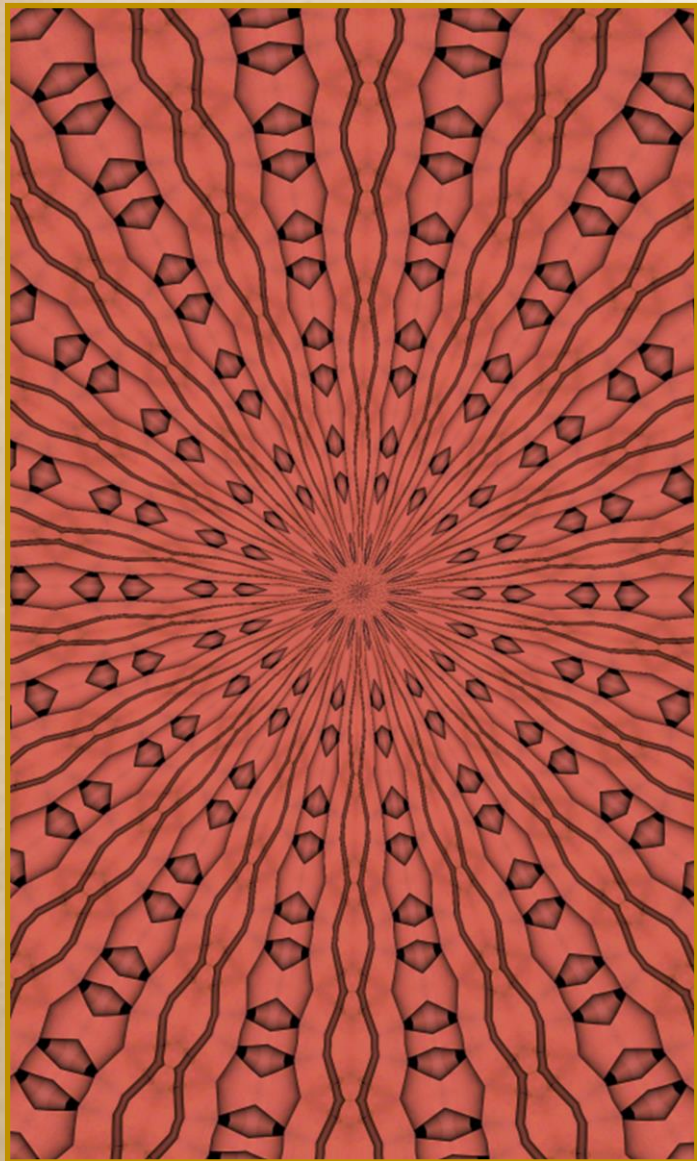














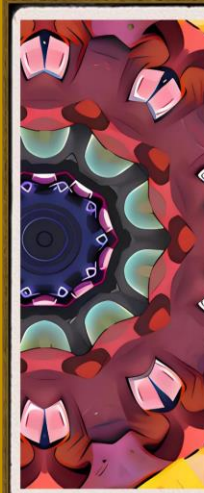


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PEACE AND HARMONY  
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**“WHO WAS THAT MASKED  
MAN IN A THONG  
SPEEDO?”**

**TURNING TO AN AGEING SAGE**



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**EINE AN DIE VERGANGENHEIT  
VERLORENE GENERATION**



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STOP GALLERY**

**A Generation Lost To The Past**

Покорение, потерянное для прошлого





**Emil**

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**"BETTING AGAINST THE HOUSE"**  
The Story of a Made Man Named Carl

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**Emil**

**WHAT CAN BE, UNBURDENED, BY WHAT HAS BEEN?**

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